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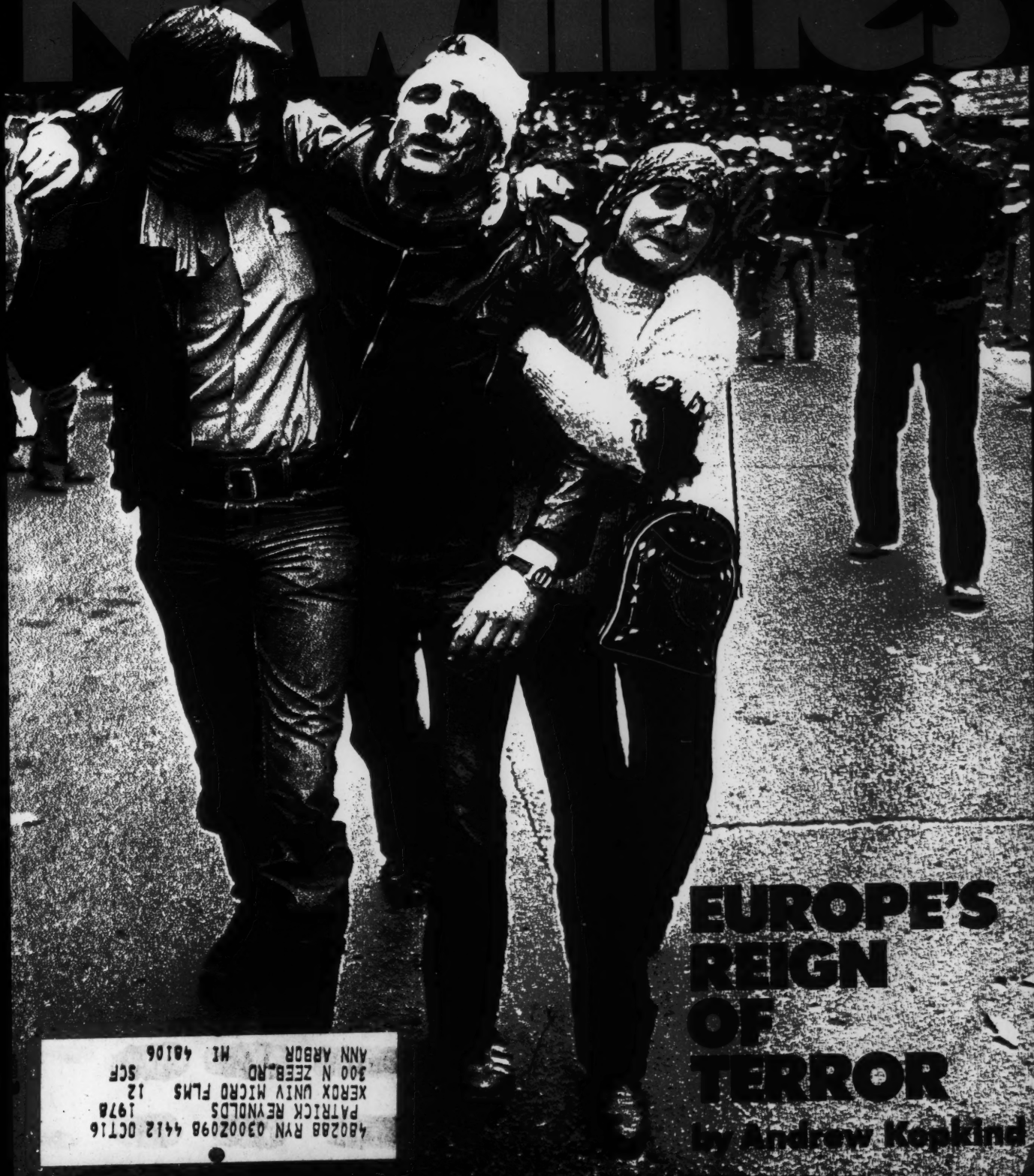
Jim Bouton: Baseball's Oldest Rookie, by Lawrence Wright

JUNE 12 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times



EUROPE'S REIGN OF TERROR

by Andrew Kopkind

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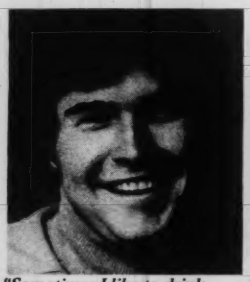

"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.

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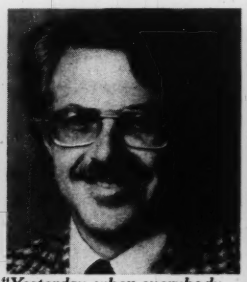
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

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—Lea McIntyre, Reno.

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—Iby Korody, New York.

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—John Gray, Seattle.

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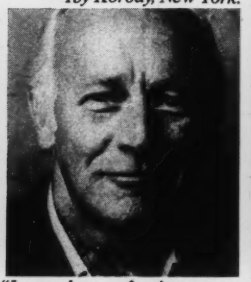
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



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NewTimes

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 12

CONTENTS

JUNE 12, 1978

On the Cover

28 Euro-terror

"We despise both Lenin and the Pope," says a young German teacher, in an attempt to define the spirit of anarchism currently sweeping Europe. "If you are looking for the beginning of this, look at your own history first. Vietnam was the start of it for all of us, as it was for the Americans." Maybe so, but the European version of America's sixties political protest seeks to destroy all institutions simply because they exist. And the unhappy result of this reign of terrorism has been to increase the suffering of those whose lives the "revolution" was meant to improve.

by ANDREW KOPKIND

Cover photograph: Sipa Press/ Black Star.

Three young sympathizers leaving a clash with police after the funeral of three Red Army Faction terrorists in Stuttgart last October. Officials say the three terrorists killed themselves in their prison cells after the failure of a plot to free them.

40 Pity the Poor Blue-collar Gambler

What will felt tables and easy credit do to a gambler who gets his kicks in the back room of a pool hall? According to one such hustler, "Atlantic City's gonna chew him up alive."

by GEOFFREY DOUGLAS

44 Taxquake!

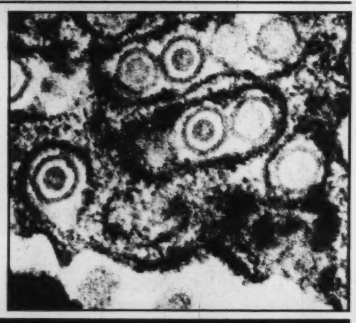
America's greatest tax revolt since the Boston Tea Party is brewing in California, where political gadfly Howard Jarvis is leading the charge against big government. The results could precipitate the state's worst disaster yet.

by ARTHUR ZICH

49 The Herpes Epidemic

Herpes, the love bug, has been frustrating doctors and victims for 2,000 years. There is still no cure, but stress has been named a correspondent. In fact, herpes may be just another expression of sexual guilt.

by JEAN CALLAHAN



54 Extra Innings

Jim Bouton's comebacks have been taken as seriously as Harold Stassen's runs for the presidency. But this time, the 39-year-old former author, former sportscaster and former actor may well become a former ex-pitcher.

by LAWRENCE WRIGHT

Letters
The mauling of Nixon.
Page 4

Party Lines
Jimmy Carter makes friends with Congress.
by ROBERT SHRUM
Page 5

Energy
Move over, OPEC, here comes Mexico.
by PETER STONE
Page 9

Addendum & Erratum
A verdict in the Viet spy case.
Page 17

The Insider
Fascist governments get American facelifts.
Page 18

REVIEWS

Movies
The good old days: Honest schlock.
by RICHARD CORLISS
Page 68

Books
The pathetic story of Bobby Baker.
by GEOFFREY WOLFF
Page 70

Records
Six new releases.
by JIM MILLER
Page 71

Television
Program testing: Psst! Wanna see some stupid pictures?
by RICHARD M. LEVINE
Page 72

Final Tribute
The Senate will just have to do without George Wallace.
by MARK GOODMAN
Page 76

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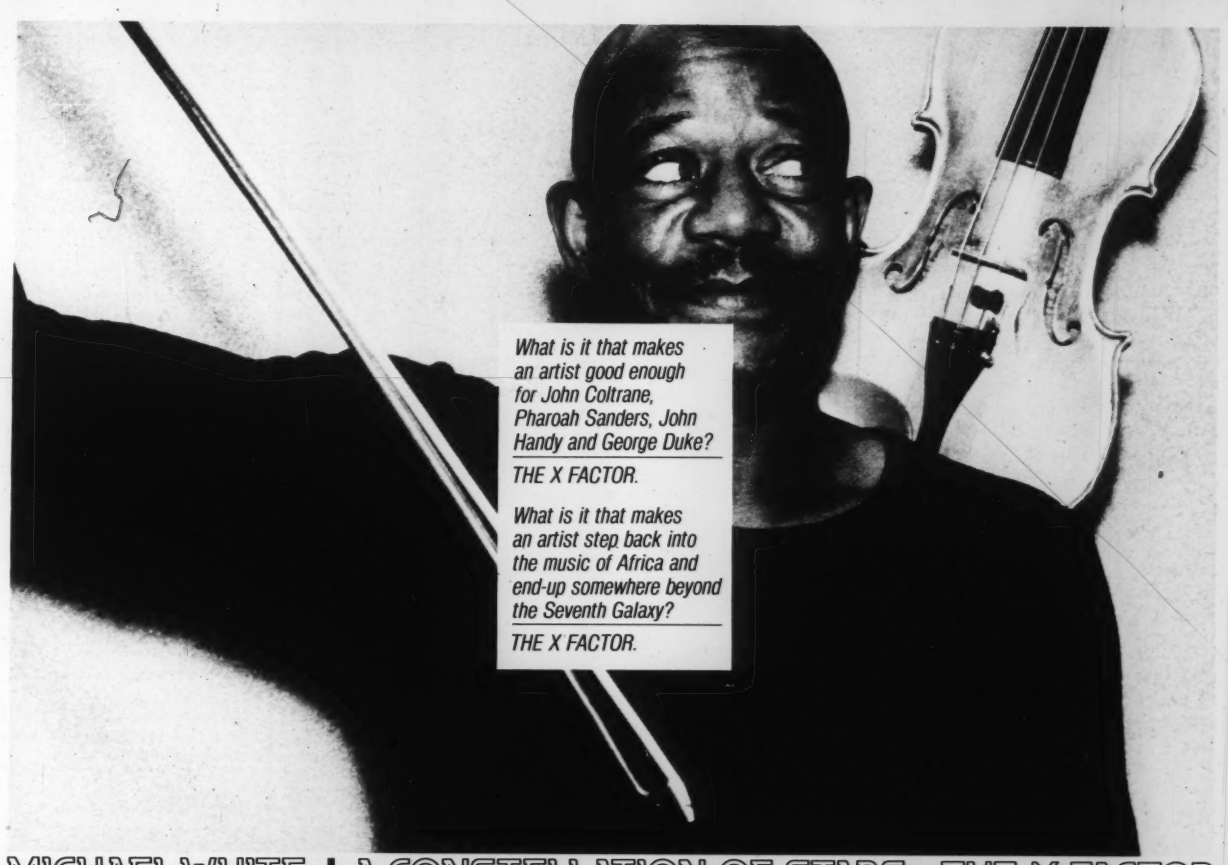

What is it that makes an artist good enough for John Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, John Handy and George Duke?

THE X FACTOR.

What is it that makes an artist step back into the music of Africa and end-up somewhere beyond the Seventh Galaxy?

THE X FACTOR.

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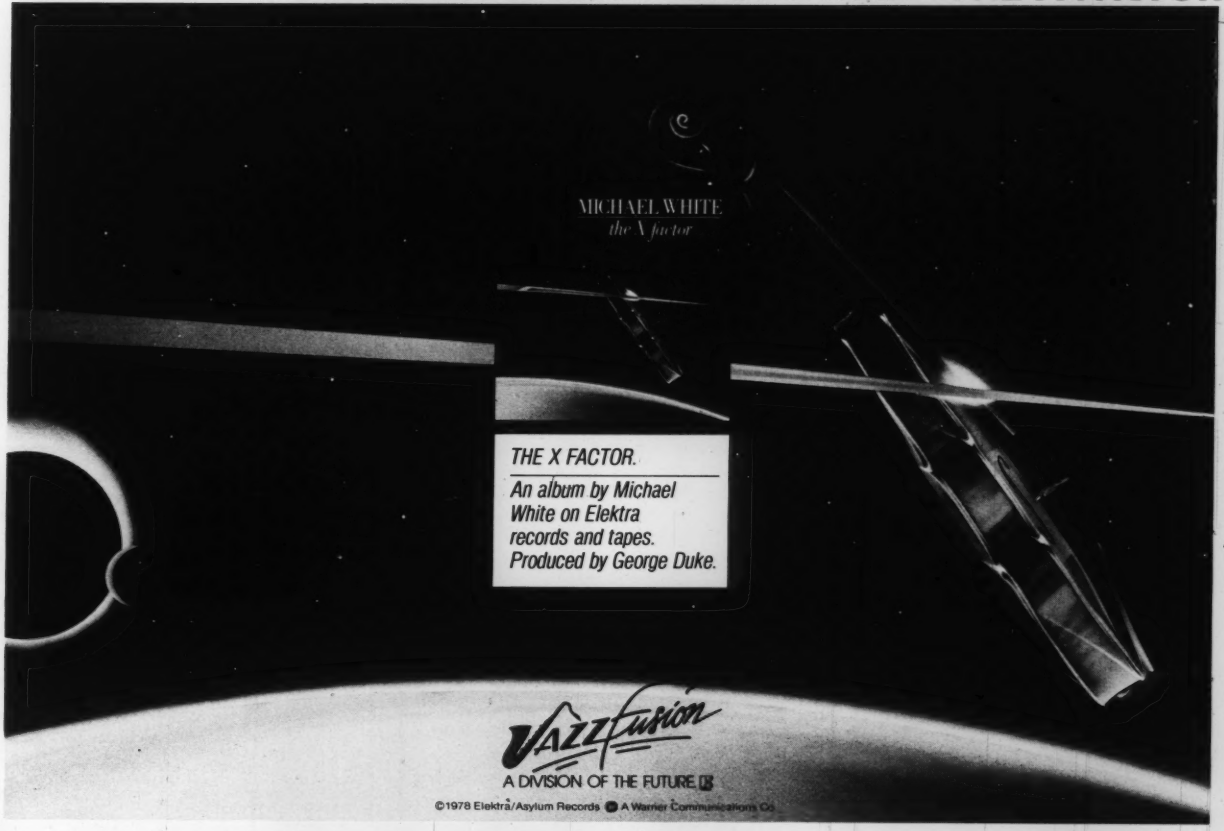

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LETTERS

The Mauling of Nixon

I have never been a Nixon supporter. I remember even before the horrendous revelations of Watergate, I kept raving and screaming about that psychopath, Nixon. When Watergate finally surfaced, I read every newspaper account with vindictive glee. It would not be too strong, perhaps, to say that I *hated* Nixon. But reading "Nixon Without Tears" was enough to turn my stomach (May 15).

If Nixon were still politically alive, perhaps all this slashing and rending would make some sense... God knows we don't want the man in any kind of responsible position again... but he's not.

Let the pitiful old guy alone. What's he done to *you* lately?

Elizabeth S. Craig
Kansas City, Missouri

The anti-Nixon material was in the worst possible taste. It was the type of thing one might expect from a retarded teenager.

I am a Democrat and no Nixon fan, but that comic book stunt was so bad that I am embarrassed for you.

Frances Gibson
New Orleans, Louisiana

I totally enjoyed the whole thing. Quite obviously other people share my opinion of Mr. Nixon.

Robin Roden
Atlanta, Georgia

Who is this guy Richard Nixon? Could you please explain to me his exact historical significance and why it is that I so often hear his name. I once knew a gas station attendant by this name, but I don't suppose this is the same fellow. I ask once more, now come clean: Who is this guy Richard Nixon?

Richard Berzon
Washington, D.C.

Better Red than Raped

After reading Lacey Fosburgh's article "The Berkeley Rapist" (May 15), I recalled all too well my own experience. It was a horrible flashback, the dreams, the fears. Eventually I realized I was not responsible for my rape and that nothing could change what had already happened.

The article proved a point I have made time and time again. This country should spend as much on healing the sick minds we are so ill-equipped to help, as we do on defense budgets. I fear the sickies of America's streets a hell of a lot more than I do some faceless commie threat (wherever the Pentagon says they are).

Deborah Pudlo
New London, Connecticut

Indian Air

I commend the sensitivity to both Indian reality and environmental concerns shown in Michael Parfit's article "... And the Skies Will Be Cloudy All Day" (May 15).

However, there remains evidence of the inability of most non-Indian North Americans to understand the history and reality of these native peoples, most clearly shown in the article's subtitle: "Having granted the Cheyenne Indians Class I air forever..." In legal theory, as well as in morality, the (U.S.) government grants the Indians nothing; rather, the reverse. Theirs (the Indians') is the original and continuing sovereignty on this land; their grants in treaty are the basis for the present government's claims to legitimacy.

Donald S. Miller
Oakland, California

Mall Pall

"The Malling of America" by William Kowinski (May 1) rings as true here in Houston as in Greensburg. Finally a critique has been published that expresses thoughts hopefully understood by more than a few Americans. A "placeless space" is alien environment for nurturing the good human qualities that the world so desperately needs.

I grew up in Greensburg a generation before Mr. Kowinski. When I was a boy, my father took me for a walk in Miller's Woods and told me the story of the time when Edison and Firestone camped there overnight during their journey along the Lincoln Highway. Miller's Woods is now gone, and today we have instead Westmoreland Mall.

Robert L. Ackerman
Houston, Texas

"The Malling of America" was *right on* top of it, as usual, for your magazine. But you missed the story of the grass-roots saga of a small, sleepy Vermont town named Williston, as it attempts to preserve its image against a corporate mall builder.

Many Vermonters, who do not want to lose the rural ambience of this state to corporate developers, want to see the mall defeated. Burlington is as close as we come to a city, and we want to keep it that way, not turn it into a ghosttown.

Larry Seiden
Richmond, Vermont

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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

CARTER'S CONGRESSIONAL DETENTE

Tip O'Neill has been carrying Jimmy Carter's heavy water in the House for 16 months now, so it's only natural that the President should send the Speaker small tokens of his esteem and gratitude from time to time. Recently O'Neill received an aerial photograph of Cape Cod that Carter had inscribed. The Massachusetts representative appreciated the gesture, but he couldn't very well hang the picture. The President had signed the map in the wrong corner, and it was framed upside down; the hook at the end of the Cape pointed south instead of north.

Jimmy Carter may not know which end is up in the Bay State, but, as O'Neill well knows, he's learning to go along and get along better up on Capitol Hill. The Carter Administration's congressional relations have come some distance since a year ago January when Hamilton Jordan informed the Speaker that if he didn't like the rear seat he'd been assigned at the Inaugural Gala, he could turn in his ticket and stay home. When a narrow Senate majority approved Carter's Mideast arms package on May 15, a Democrat who had voted against the Administration gave the latest White House lobbying effort its due: "They were good on this one, much better than they would have been a year ago, or even a few months ago."

During the 1976 campaign Jordan once confided that Congress wouldn't be a problem for Carter—"Jimmy did fine with the Georgia legislature." But shortly after he moved into the White House, Carter belied Jordan's optimism: What had played in Atlanta was no go in Washington. First Carter committed his most infamous *faux pas*, the wholesale cancellation of western water projects. Senators and representatives from the affected states weren't consulted; they were informed of Carter's decision at the last second. One day a happy senator was told by a high-level White House aide that a certain project in his state was safe; the next morning he read in the *Washington Post* that it was terminated.

Next the new President pushed for a $50 tax rebate despite the skepticism

of Louisiana's Russell Long, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee who guards his prerogatives more jealously than any Georgia legislator. Long cracked that the rebate was like tossing "$50 bills off the Washington Monument." Undeterred, the White House asked Budget Committee chief Edmund Muskie to shepherd the Carter plan. But while Muskie was vigorously defending the rebate on the Senate floor, the President unilaterally announced he was withdrawing it. Muskie,who's no "Cotton Ed,"was infuriated. And when the White House later requested his help on welfare reform, he wondered aloud if Carter meant it—or would he back out of that proposal too?

The impolitics of the Carter White House continued. Last fall, Missouri's Thomas Eagleton, who had defended Budget Director Bert Lance down to the last overdraft during the Senate hearings on his banking practices, implored the White House to order the Department of Housing and Urban Development to stop fighting a federal flood insurance amendment that would extend coverage to perennially flooded parts of Missouri. Presidential Appointments Secretary Tim Kraft told one caller pleading Eagleton's case that he, of all senators, deserved a helping hand from the White House. But soon thereafter, HUD lobbyists were actively opposing the Eagleton amendment on the Senate floor.

These gaffes have taken their toll on some major legislation. The President came out for a mandatory annual limit on health cost increases before discussing his plan with Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Subcommittee on Health. Last November 2, a miffed Rostenkowski reported a substitute bill out of the subcommittee; it called for voluntary price controls by the hospital industry. For the next three months, the White House made virtually no effort to contact the Illinois Democrat. Today, mourns an H.E.W. official, "the original Carter bill is dead."

The Consumer Protection Agency was yet another casualty of a White House fumbling of the political niceties. After the agency's defeat in the House in February, angry members berated Speaker O'Neill in a Democratic Whips' meeting. With business lobbyists stirring up the grass roots against the bill, why should they go out on a limb for Carter? "We got better service from Ford's people," one Democrat complained.

With that, Carter decided that Congress would get better service from *his* people. Beginning in February, not only top Administration officials but Carter himself became much more personally involved in dealing with Congress on all critical issues. Carter, of course, is no John Kennedy, who, as Representative Ben Rosenthal recalls, "used to have small groups of six or seven members down for drinks around five in the afternoon . . . and just talk informally." Nor is Carter a Lyndon Johnson, whose legendary "treatment" passed more than one civil rights act. He isn't even Gerald Ford, who had an easy friendship with many of his former colleagues on Capitol Hill. Carter is making up for his stiff manner with sheer hard work. Instead of meeting with senators and representatives in relatively large, formal briefing sessions, as he tended to last year, the President has taken to cajoling them one or a few at a time—a process he doesn't enjoy—often over lunch in his hideaway behind the Oval Office.

The technique contributed to the Administration's victory on an issue even tougher than the Panama Canal—the arms sale package for Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Israel. Secretary of State Vance and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski continually lobbied wavering senators on the Foreign Relations Committee. For example, after a session with Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, Vance

Illustration by Philip Burke

quickly informed several committee members that Dayan was privately calm about the Arab sales that the Israelis were publicly denouncing. Carter called, consulted and met with crucial senators repeatedly. He agreed to a compromise, giving the Israelis 20 additional planes. The weekend before the Senate voted, he dispatched a letter to every senator and the House leadership that forcefully reiterated his arguments for the package.

On the Foreign Relations Committee, the critical saving vote was Muriel Humphrey's. After Carter talked to her, he asked Vice President Mondale to phone her from Honolulu, where he'd stopped en route home from his Far Eastern trip. Mondale, Hubert Humphrey's political heir in Minnesota and virtually his surrogate son, provided the clinching argument. Just before his death, Hubert had written Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin urging him to respond positively to Anwar Sadat's peace initiative; denying the Egyptians and the Saudis American arms, Mondale said, would strengthen the Arab hardliners and jeopardize any chance for further negotiations. After Muriel Humphrey announced that she was reluctantly supporting the arms sale, Maryland Senator Paul Sarbanes, whom she barely knows, reprimanded her: "Hubert never would have voted that way." Back in her office after the committee vote, she cried.

It was a tough fight. Never before had an administration taken on the pro-Israeli lobby in an all-out campaign and prevailed. The Foreign Relations Committee vote was 8 to 8; of the five members up for re-election this year, four opposed the arms sale. The Senate tally was a relatively close 54 to 44, but even that margin was a minor miracle.

The Administration has shown itself moderately competent at congressional relations in other ways this spring. One Senate assistant wondrously reports "nearly instant success" when he phoned White House Senate liaison Dan Tate about a bottled-up product liability bill: Maybe the President couldn't endorse it himself, but could the White House arrange for the Commerce Department to release a favorable report? Tate thought so, and the next day it was done. Another Senate assistant reports that while he hasn't heard a word from the White House on airline deregulation, Transportation Department congressional liaison Terry Bracy "has been on me like ugly on a bear." And in general, says Tom Hoog, Senator Gary Hart's administrative assistant, "The White House has gotten a hell of a lot better" at its congressional dealings. Hart's office has had "15 or 20 requests," all answered promptly.

Even at that, the Carter White House still isn't the very model of political efficiency. Iowa's John Culver, carrying the Administration's case on funding for the cruise missile, found that despite repeated requests three days in a row, he couldn't get a simple one-page fact sheet on the issue from the Pentagon. Speaker O'Neill had not seen a copy of the urban bill weeks after Carter announced it. And Frank Moore, Carter's congressional liaison director, "can't speak with authority," a veteran of the Johnson years points out. He notes that "when Larry O'Brien [Kennedy and Johnson's man up on the Hill] said 'yes,' it meant the President was saying 'yes.' Frank's always telling you: 'I'll have to check and get back to you.'"

Nevertheless, White House officials are encouraged by their somewhat improved relations with Capitol Hill. At a recent luncheon hosted by *Washington Star* publisher Joe Allbriton, Hamilton Jordan and Press Secretary Jody Powell both repeatedly emphasized what "a great job" they think Frank Moore is doing.

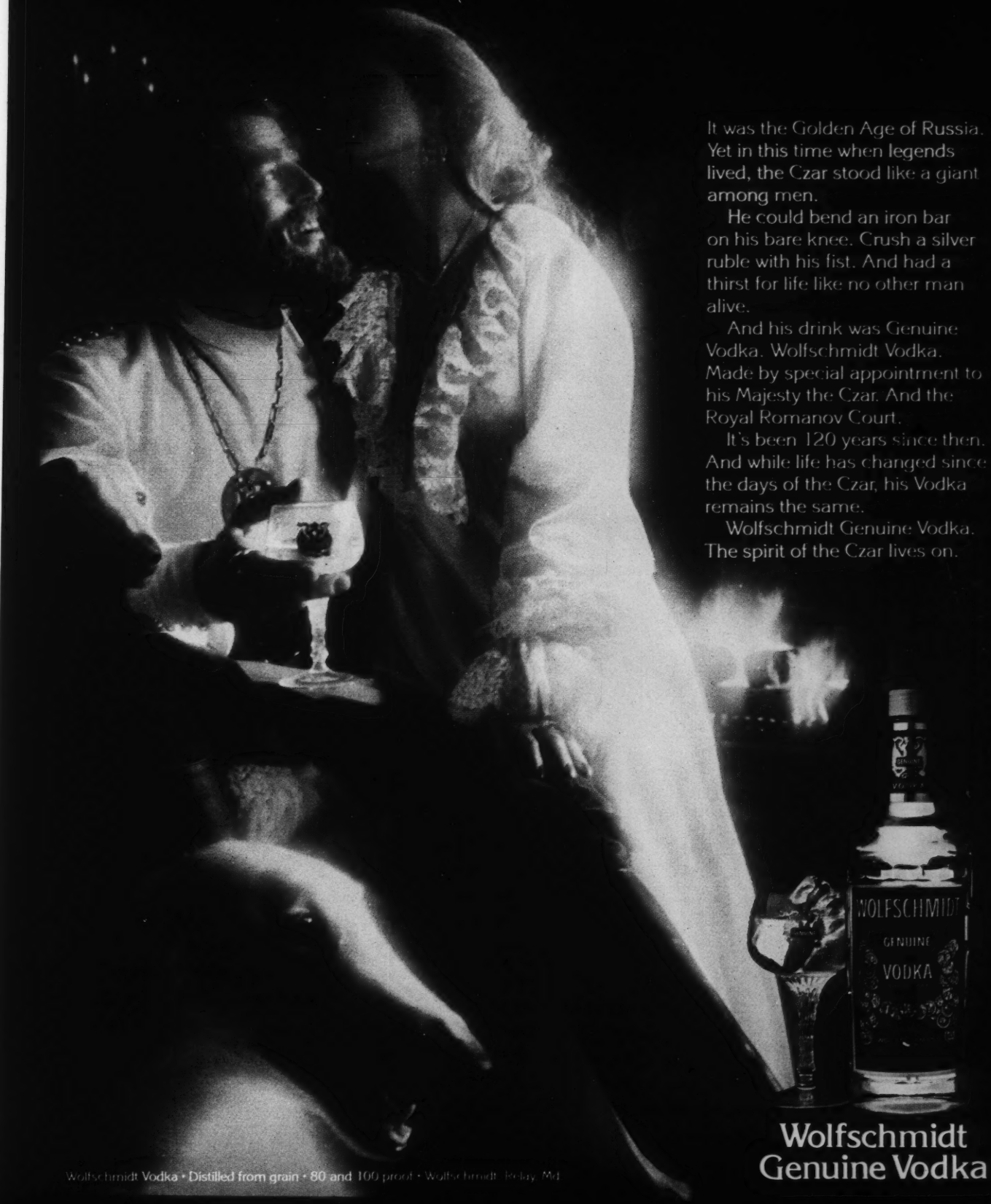
The view from the Hill is different: While the Carter Administration's new tactics have bolstered its congressional relations, the White House still has no legislative strategy. "They don't have a master plan—what issues they care about most, that they'll fight for first," a Senate assistant says. "They waste a lot of capital on peripheral issues." He points to the scheduling of the Panama treaties this year, the SALT arms control treaty next year. To appease the right wing for his vote on Panama, Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker is virtually certain to oppose SALT. And so are other senators. If the two issues had come in reverse order, Carter would have had better prospects of winning on both. But today, the Administration no longer has the votes to ratify a SALT treaty, according to the tentative count of an official in the Democratic leadership. "I don't see how they can get them either," he adds.

The biggest kink in its congressional relations remains the Administration's tendency to put Congress into too many tight political corners, one right after the other. The same day it approved the Mideast arms sale, the Foreign Relations Committee turned down, 8 to 4, Carter's request to lift the arms embargo on Turkey. The embargo was imposed in 1975 after Turkey invaded and occupied a portion of Cyprus formerly belonging to Greek Cypriots. The White House was asking a lot in urging senators to buck the Israeli lobby, the most influential foreign policy pressure group in America; asking them simultaneously to resist the Greek lobby, probably the second most powerful, was too much. Now the White House is seeking votes in quick succession for a controversial expansion of union rights and against a popular tax credit for college tuition, an issue it has already lost in the House Rules Committee. "No matter how hard he tries," a Midwestern Democrat predicts, "Carter can't get the Senate to swallow that many hard doses in a row. And he won't have any chips left for something like national health insurance."

But even the most sensitive legislative strategy combined with perfect tactical finesse on every water project, patronage appointment and flood insurance amendment, would leave any president except a do-nothing Calvin Coolidge with tense congressional relations. One of the Democratic Party's most powerful leaders, an Eastern senator who is hardly Carter's best friend, contends that the fault lies with "the frightened men" in the Congress at least as much as with the particular man in the White House. "All but 10 or 15 guys in the Senate are scared of doing anything," he judges. They assume the country is in an antigovernment mood. Carter, who contributed mightily to that perception, is not prepared to launch a crusade for openly activist government. So he has to nurse his congressional relations along if he's to eke out and squeak through the legislative victories he absolutely has to have. Says a Senate aide: "The White House is listening now. It's one of those classic cases where they've made most of the mistakes in the book, but they've profited by them." In other words, we all learn on the job, even presidents of the United States.

All that learning promises only limited gains. In early May, Hoog had lunch at the White House with Senate liaison Dan Tate. Tate was frustrated. He knew the Administration had taken a beating on congressional relations, he explained, but they were getting better at it. They were trying, but they still were being faulted. What were they doing wrong? "I'm not sure you're doing much wrong," Hoog replied. "It's a perception now and it's hard as hell to turn around." Hoog offered an analogy: Once Jerry Ford bumped his head on that helicopter, he was typecast as a bumbler. It wasn't news when Ford made it through a day, as he usually did, without stumbling. And it isn't news now when Jimmy Carter does something well or right with Congress. But when a bill goes awry, it seems only natural to conclude that Carter must have tripped on the Capitol steps again. ●

The spirit of the Czar lives on.



It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

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Energy/by Peter Stone

OILING THE MEXICAN ECONOMY

"Pemex is the sexiest name in Mexico today," said the man at the U.S. Embassy. Wherever you go and whomever you talk to in Mexico, the word seems to follow you around like a ubiquitous oil slick. What makes Pemex, or Petróleos Mexicanos, the Mexican state-owned and-operated oil company so alluring? Since late 1976, Mexico has almost tripled its estimates of proven petroleum reserves from 6 billion to close to 17 billion barrels. The whole thing gets really heady when you examine the figures for just how high the "probable" and "potential" reserves are: 30 billion barrels is the number being tossed about for "probable" and 60–120 billion barrels for "potential," which would put Mexico in the class of OPEC heavyweights Iran and Saudi Arabia. Furthermore, discoveries of natural gas have been estimated to be as high as 20 trillion cubic feet in one field alone.

Mexico City is a town feverish in its pursuit of oil, where rumors of oil and reality have become so mixed that conversations drift along with the ebb and flow of the latest statistics. Despite a vast range in reserve estimates, oil is fast assuming supernatural proportions for Mexico's future. Although oil has played a key role in the Mexican economy for most of this century—in the 1920s Mexico produced roughly 25 percent of the world's supply—it wasn't until 1976, when Pemex officials modernized their method for estimating oil reserves, that the numbers started mushrooming.

As the estimates have soared, so too have the expected Pemex revenues from rising exports in the 1980s. Pemex has a five-year, $16.5 billion plan that runs through 1982, which is hoped will generate exports of 1.1 million barrels of oil daily and earn Mexico $7 billion annually. To achieve these targets, Pemex also hopes to double its daily production level to 2.2 million barrels, double its refining capacity to 1.6 million barrels a day and triple its yearly output of petrochemicals to 18.6 million tons.

But despite all the rosy projections, there are some real difficulties and disagreements emerging. There is a major schism over how best to achieve economic growth with all the anticipated profits from oil and natural gas. The government, bankers and industrialists are pushing for closer ties to the United States, while various opposition groups are calling for economic independence.

The issue that has galvanized the most opposition and one that has been widely referred to as "a mini Panama Canal," is a proposed *gasoducto* (or natural gas pipeline) that is supposed to be built from the sizable Reforma Oil Fields to the Texas border-town of McAllen. The debate has focused on whether Mexico should compromise on its natural gas price and proceed with the *gasoducto*, providing the U.S. with a potential 4 percent of our total gas needs. A tentative agreement was worked out in 1977 between Mexico and six U.S. gas producers and distributors to supply the gas at $2.60 per thousand cubic feet which, although a good bit higher than the proposed U.S. domestic ceiling price of $1.75, is equal to what's being paid for #2 fuel oil delivered to New York. Problems have since emerged, in part because of the congressional debate over the deregulation of natural gas domestically. To build the pipeline, Mexico will need outside financing and officials have been discussing $590 million in credits with the U.S. Export Import Bank. Ultimately, the financing should be no problem because the need for gas makes it one of the safest and most attractive investments around; but negotiations over the price issue look like they may drag on for some months.

The most vocal opponent of the *gasoducto*, Pemex and Mexican energy policies in general is Heberto Castillo, who has commented that Mexican oil must be "rabbit petroleum at the rate it breeds." An engineer by training, Castillo taught at the university in Mexico City, where his activity in the student strike of 1968 landed him in jail for a few years. Castillo disputes the government view of just how much oil exists and what the best way of using it is. Basically, he thinks that Mexico should keep its options open and not tie itself too closely to the U.S. by putting all its efforts (and gas) into one pipeline. Instead, he suggests that Mexico should consider liquefying some of the gas for export to get a better price, using more for internal industrial development and conserving more so that it will last longer. Castillo believes that if the pipeline goes ahead as planned, most of Mexico's gas would be gone by 1990—especially since statistics show that Mexico's own energy needs have been rising at a very healthy rate of 7.5 percent annually.

According to Castillo and other critics, the new oil estimates are closely related to increased loans that Mexico has received from the International Monetary Fund (IMF) and U.S. banks. So far, the centerpiece of Mexican President José Lopez Portillo's *sexenio*, or six-year term, has been the IMF-Mexico agreement, which first gave Mexico badly needed financial assistance of $1.2 billion in late 1976 (critics note that the loan and line of credit came through just after Mexico made the first big revisions of its oil reserves, doubling them from 6 to 11 billion barrels). The three-year IMF accord is similar to many others that have been negotiated with Third World countries, emphasizing austerity and a balanced budget above all, while setting strict borrowing limits of $3 billion for 1977, less for 1978 and 1979. But there is one important exception in Mexico's case: Pemex can borrow or obtain credit for almost unlimited oil research and development, while other public spending is tightly restricted. Furthermore, IMF has agreed to relax the overall borrowing limits for 1978, in large measure because of Pemex's needs for more funds.

Illustration by Steven Guarnaccia

ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder?

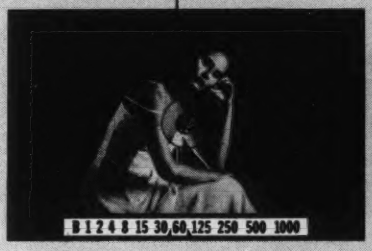
The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

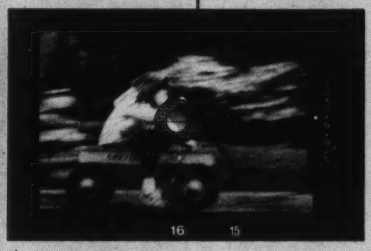
Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.



The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being [illegible] flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

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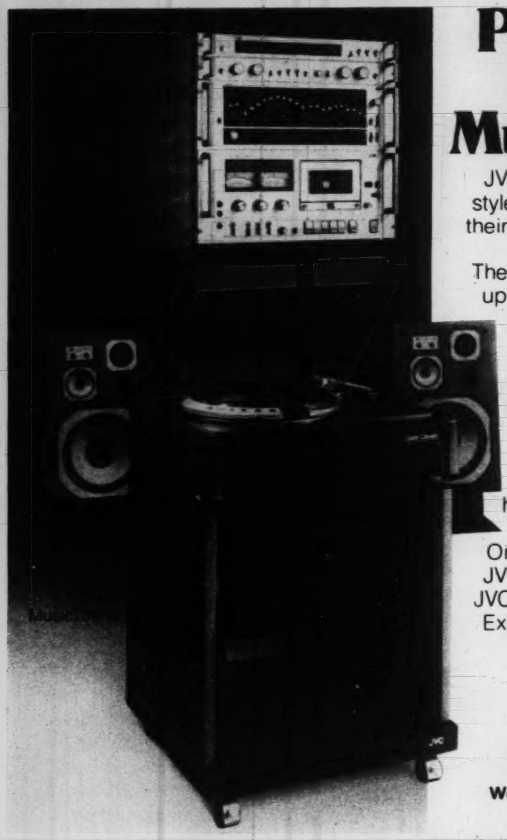

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The U.S. reaction to Mexico's new oil prospects seems to be that it couldn't have come at a better time. To judge from the comments and reactions of U.S. bankers, oil is viewed as vital to Mexico's economic well-being. John Comfort, an assistant vice-president at Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, said that "from the point of view of getting more money to a government that's desperate, it's crucial. Pemex is a company that's very competent. It's an appealing thing for bankers—it's the first thing bankers want to lend to." These opinions were echoed by Dick Larsen, a senior vice-president and economist at the Bank of America, the leading U.S. bank in Mexico. He said simply that "the U.S. needs gas and the Mexicans have it to sell." But strong feelings about Mexican oil are not limited to bankers. The CIA thinks highly enough of the situation to have written that "Mexico could produce 5–6 million barrels a day by 1985."

Significantly, one of Mexico's leading bankers, Ruben Aguilar, the director general of the Banco Nacional de Mexico and former president of the Mexican Bankers Association, believes that "oil is the number-one priority for regaining equilibrium," and that "Mexico having oil can receive credit more easily." Aguilar is quite sanguine about Mexico's economic health so long as it sticks to the IMF program.

But the consequences of this tight austerity policy combined with the heavy emphasis on oil development are clearly mixed at best. There is a race on between the oil boom and the increasingly desperate lives of the vast majority of Mexico's 63 million people. The unemployment rate is 50 percent (a total of 9 million people out of a work force of 18 million); the population growth rate is a high 3.5 percent; the foreign debt is now estimated to be between $25 and $30 billion; inflation fluctuates between 20 and 45 percent annually; and the lackluster economic growth rate has been less than 2.6 percent in the last two years. This state of crisis was well summed up by a leading Latin American scholar, Richard Fagen, who took a highly critical position toward U.S. policy in Mexico in an article in *Foreign Affairs* last summer. Simply, Fagen believes that oil will buy Mexico time to deal with some of its long-range problems by relieving the immediate pressure in areas such as foreign debt. But oil is not going to be a panacea for what ails Mexico—it's not going to make unemployment disappear overnight, solve the enormous inequalities of wealth, or reduce the high rate of population growth. As Fagen concluded: "Oil may allow Mexico to slip away from the IMF, but not from history."●

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ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Viet Verdict. In her story "Jimmy Carter's Tet Offensive" (*NT*, April 17), Judith Coburn wrote about the case of David Truong and Ronald Humphrey, indicted for allegedly passing secret documents to Hanoi. Before pressing charges, the Justice Department had used various means of electronic surveillance against the two, including wiretapping—all with President Carter's personal approval. As a result, the Truong/Humphrey case became a test of inherent presidential power to conduct surveillance without a court order.

Last month, a federal jury in Alexandria, Virginia, convicted Truong and Humphrey, saying they were guilty of espionage and stealing government papers. During the two-week trial, both men acknowledged forwarding over 100 government documents through CIA agent Dung Krall to Vietnamese in Paris. But they denied being spies, and said they did it as part of a campaign to normalize diplomatic relations between Washington and Hanoi. Government witnesses called by both sides disagreed about whether passing the documents breached national security—which the defense had argued was necessary for conviction. Top FBI officials admitted at the trial that a State Department evaluation had concluded there was "little of a sensitive nature in the documents" and that they would be of "little help" to the Vietnamese. (The evaluation was repeated after the FBI complained it "would give prosecutors trouble.")

But the jury did not buy defense arguments that the papers were "nothing but diplomatic chitchat," nor did Judge Albert V. Bryan accept the notion that electronic surveillance without a warrant had violated the defendants' constitutional rights. Truong and Humphrey, facing possible life imprisonment, will be sentenced June 23. They plan to appeal.

True and Authentic Nixon. In the May 15 Insider we wrote about the deluxe, autographed edition of Richard Nixon's *Memoirs*, available in limited quantity for $250. We quoted autograph dealer Charles Hamilton, and told of a machine called the autopen which can sign up to 3,000 autographs a day. Soon thereafter we received a letter from the law firm retained by Grosset & Dunlap, which reads in part:

"Our office represents Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., publishers of the forthcoming *Memoirs* of former President Nixon.

"We note in the May 15, 1978, issue of *New Times* magazine (page 18) the statement, attributed to Charles Hamilton, that the autograph of President Nixon in those editions of his *Memoirs* that he is autographing will not be the true signature of the President.

"Please be advised that the signature of the President on each copy of such editions is his true and authentic signature and that the statement in your May 15, 1978, issue to the contrary can only reflect adversely upon our client and the sales of the *Memoirs*."

And what exactly did the lawyers mean by that? we wondered. We called Grosset & Dunlap's counsel, and were told that they meant to say: Richard Nixon would be signing each and every copy of the deluxe edition. So, rush out and get *your* copy *today*.

High-Steak Politics. In 1976, Ron Asta, one of Arizona's leading liberal Democrats, was defeated for re-election to the Pima County (Tucson) Board of Supervisors. Attributing his defeat to a conservative backlash, Andrew Kopkind profiled Asta as part of our cover story "America Turns Right" (*NT*, 9/30/77).

Now Asta has suffered a setback that could end his career: He was apprehended outside a Tucson supermarket with a $3.68 porterhouse steak tucked into his walking shorts. A supermarket security guard said she watched Asta stuff the steak into his pants and leave the store. The guard followed Asta outside, where he allegedly offered to pay for the meat but was told it was too late for that. He has pleaded innocent.

Asta's arrest is a hot topic all over town. The day after it occurred, bomb threats were made by telephone to the supermarket chain's district offices and two of its stores. One caller said, "Ron Asta has a lot of strong political friends. If the charges aren't dropped by 5:00, this store will be bombed." (The buildings were evacuated after each threat, but no bombs were found.) And a raft of Asta jokes is making the rounds, jokes such as, "I wonder when he's going back for the A-1 Sauce." ●

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YES NO 4. Have you discoverd that preservatives won't preserve you?
YES NO 5. Has your subscription to Meat Eaters Digest expired (and you haven't renewed it?)
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YES NO 7. Do you find yourself clucking at the price of meat when you shop in a supermarket?
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WIDE WORLD

Neck and neck: Ronald Reagan's latest polls show him 6 percent behind President Carter; this compares with the final Gallup Reagan–Carter (28 percent to 63 percent) in 1976. •

The Insider

OVERSEAS BULLETINS

Gary Cooper would glow in the dark: The DOD came up with an idea for using the 270,000 tons of depleted uranium in America—waste fuel from various atomic activities. They've decided to make *bullets* out of uranium. *Bullets!* After all, expended uranium, they say, is cheaper and heavier than normal metal. Alarmed congressional arms experts say that even depleted uranium emits low-level gamma rays; they suggest that perhaps the Pentagon should use something less dangerous. Perhaps mothballs would do the trick. •

Emperor Ming's at DOD: And now the Pentagon's coming up with the weapon of a million dreamers—*the death ray*. Code-named SIPAPU—an American Indian word meaning "sacred fire"—the project will develop a charged-particle beam weapon using negative hydrogen capable of zapping from miles away. Pentagon officials say completion of a small-scale version of a charged-particle beam weapon is about three years off. •

BLACK STAR

Leaky Zbigit: The Carter White House has been a little crazy lately over the number of information leaks reaching the press, but craziest of all has been the national security advisor, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Old ZB exploded when he picked up the March 29 Washington *Star* and read about the contents of a letter from Arms Director Paul Warnke to Cyrus Vance about the administration's F-15 sales to Saudi Arabia. Zbig blew several fuses: Only he and Vance were supposed to have gotten the letter (arguing against the sale) and then—shoot!—somehow it journeyed. He called out the dogs: Agents ordered dozens of officials to give depositions—listing all the persons they talked with after coming in contact with the letter. Messengers and secretaries were grilled, the dragnet was out. The agents came back to Brzezinski with an answer—that they couldn't find the leaker, that the letter had been photocopied (and photocopied) at State, that nobody knew *how* many copies were floating. It didn't help the rotten relations between Zbig and Vance. •

The FBI Couldn't Nail Pogo Possum

Politics

Late beloved *Pogo* may have caused more discomfort among those who deserved discomfort than any other comic strip, and the Neanderthals considered the possum's maker, Walt Kelly, a dangerous man. In the fifties, his late beloved *Pogo* went after Joseph McCarthy's hearings (Kelly's unshaven McCarthy had a beard that made Nixon look like the Gerber baby). And in the repressive Nixonian seventies, Kelly rescued us once more. Wily Catt and Seminole Sam, two characters resembling former Vice President Spiro T. Agnew and late FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, used a baby spider trained as an asterisk to try to solve the hidden message in the cut-out paper dolls sent by "The Chief."

Kelly had the intuition to satirize events before they became generally known. His prescience may have reached its peak with the Wily/Seminole series: Recently released documents under the Freedom of Information Act reveal that during the mid-fifties the FBI conducted a careful cryptanalysis of the *Pogo* strip to see if Kelly had put coded messages in its print or the character's dialogue.

The FBI sent ten *Pogo* strips to their laboratory for a two-week examination in which the lab technicians tried substituting words, deleting letters, examining the first letters of series of words, etc—all to find out what Pogo, Albert and Beauregard were *really* saying in Okefenokee Swamp. The lab report concludes: "Efforts were made to interpret specimens Q1–Q10 according to purported meanings supplied . . . examination did not reveal any technical basis to establish validity of interpretations of the submitted 'Pogo' cartoons."

Also in the FBI's Pogo File was a 1971 letter from a Nevada resident to Hoover. The correspondent thanked Hoover for "being there when the citizens of this country needed you," and included the recognizably dark forms of Seminole Sam and Wily Catt examining the paper dolls. Hoover, obviously skipping the point, wrote back, "I hope my future efforts continue to merit your compliments." If Albert the Alligator had seen Hoover's response this is how he would have laughed: "HOO HOO HOO! HAWK KWEEK! *WOW!*"

—Ira Rosen

SO, TO OFFSET THE DANGERS WE'VE BROUGHT IN CATT'S COUSIN, SIMPLE J. MALARKEY, A GOOD WING SHOT AND A KEEN EYE... ALREADY I FEEL MORE SECURE...
COPR. 1953 WALT KELLY

1953 Walt Kelly Used By Permission of Selby Kelly Executrix

A BABY SPIDER!
YES, TRAINED AS AN ASTERISK...
SEE, HE'S MOVING TO HIS RIGHT. HE'LL MOVE TO THE FOOTNOTE OF HIS MASTER'S CHOICE... SO I AM ALWAYS IN CHARGE OF THE MEANING.

1971 Walt Kelly Used By Permission of Selby Kelly Executrix

Pogo: Redeemed by the irredeemable

Performance like this says a lot about Technics RS-631. $299.95* says even more.

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And you can spend more time listening and less time fidgeting, thanks to memory Auto-Play and Rewind Auto-Play. That means the RS-631 will automatically rewind to the beginning of the tape, or to any preselected spot, and then play it back, automatically. There's also a timer standby mechanism for both unattended recording and playback with a timer.

The RS-631 also gives you the added convenience of vertical drive. So not only is it easy to load, it's also easy to see when your tape supply is running low. While a removable oil-damped door makes head cleaning and demagnetizing a simple job, instead of a difficult one.

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The RS-631. Its performance says a lot. Its price says even more.

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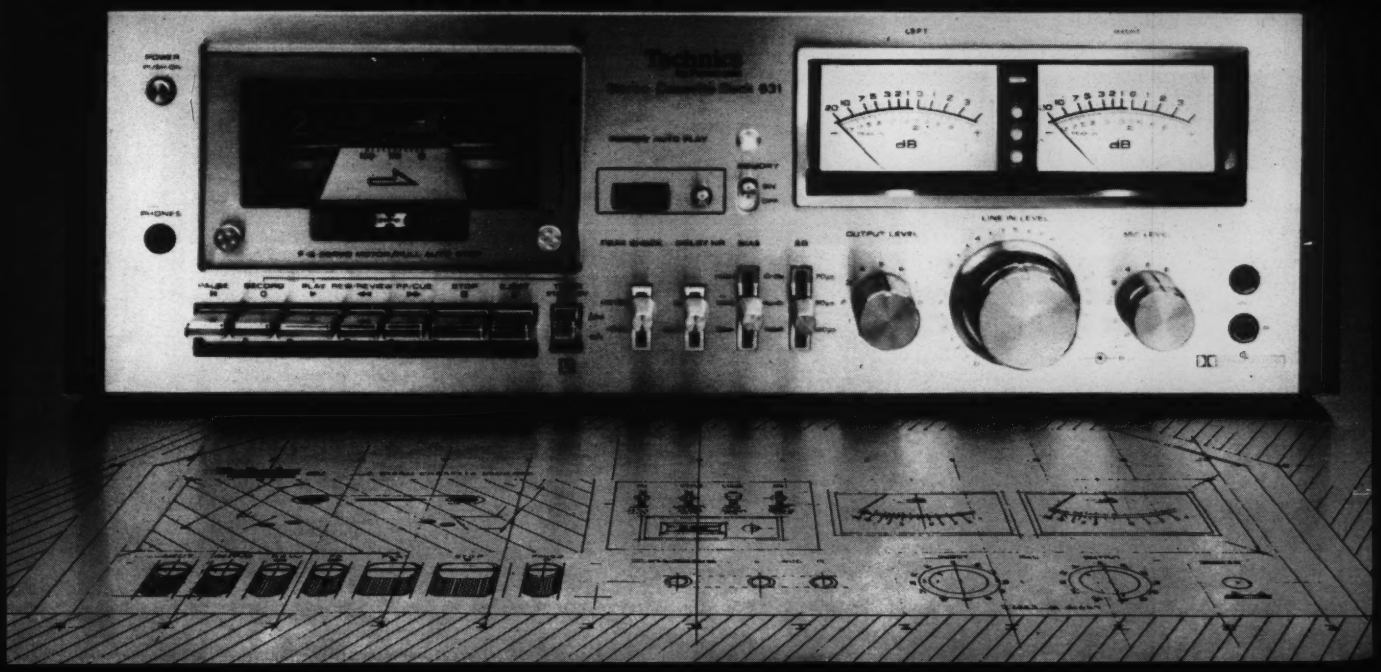

Brother, Can You Spare a Dymally?

PHP Scandal Has Ominous Overtones For Western Governor

The FBI probe into California's Prepaid Health Plan (PHP) program, first reported here last month, now appears to be moving even deeper into areas sensitive to Governor Jerry Brown.

On May 18, records of a U.S. Senate subcommittee inquiry into PHP contracts in California were handed to FBI investigators. One plan being probed by the Senate subcommittee, Omni-Rx Health Care Inc., has been linked to key Brown supporters and prominent Democrats.

WIDE WORLD

Little Jerry and Big Merv: Funded by Omni-Rx

Brown first drew criticism for his PHP handling in 1976 when Deputy Health Department director, Thomas Moore, was fired after proposing an audit of questionable financial payments by Omni-Rx. (Omni-Rx held lucrative state contracts until 1977.) At the time, Omni-Rx employed the husband of Congresswoman Yvonne Burke (D.-L.A.) as its "marketing director" and its parent company retained the law firm of then-state Democratic chairman Charles Manatt.

WIDE WORLD

Congresswoman Burke: Uninterested

Omni-Rx also listed as "personal references" top Brown aide Gray Davis (now Brown's re-election campaign manager) and California Lieutenant Govenor Mervyn Dymally. Omni-Rx contributed $8,600 to Brown's 1974 campaign and another $14,000 to Dymally's.

When firing Moore, Brown denied that he'd caved into political pressure from Omni-Rx. It had been, the governor said, Moore's "incompetence" and "insubordination" that had led to his removal.

When we tried to reach Lt. Gov. Dymally for comment, we were referred to political consultant Joseph Cerrell, the head of Dymally's re-election campaign. Cerrell, who is himself a target of the FBI corruption probe, denies any wrongdoing by Dymally in the Omni-Rx affair.

"The FBI is talking to the media," Cerrell charges, "because they want you to do their work for them. They want to see as many stories as possible, because they hope something will actually develop into something."

—Paul Grabowicz and Joel Kotkin

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Mouton-Cadet
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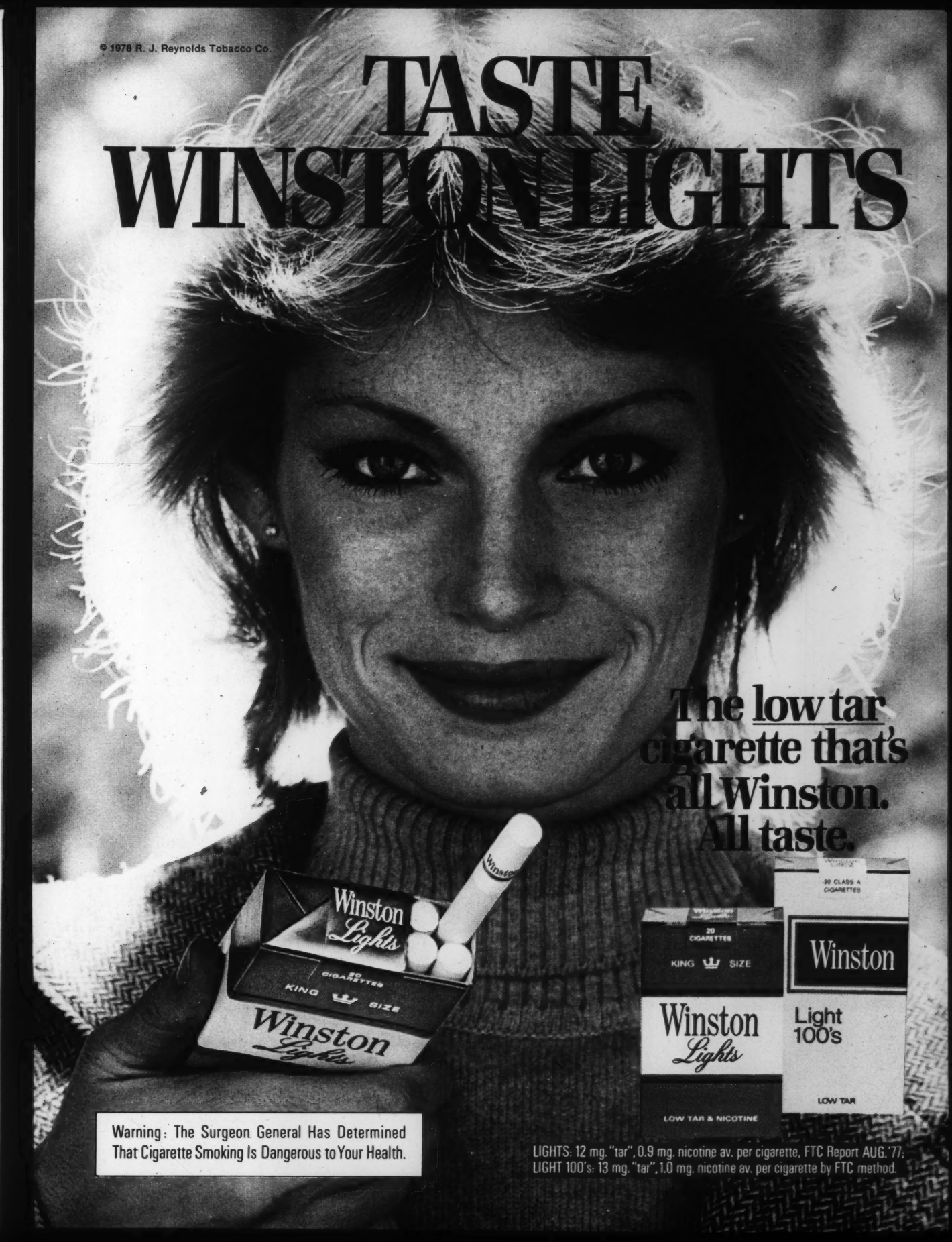

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The Insider Endorsement

Lowell Darling: Who Says There Are No More Statesmen?

Lowell Darling. Candidate for governor. He ended urban blight in California's state capitol by passing out free PhD.'s on skid row so that "instead of bums and winos, the streets of Sacramento are now full of doctors and philosophers."

Lowell Darling. "Conceptual Artist," Self-avowed "jerk." And, if all goes well, "the next governor of California." Darling is one of several off-beat pretenders this June to the throne held by Jerry Brown, and the race is on to see who can match the lowered expectations of California's biorhythmic voters better than the guru incumbent.

Lowell Darling. He's the man who plans to improve on Brown's space travel program with the promise that "America will be the first country to land a man on the sun." A beautification program for the Golden State includes banishing all billboards to a new Billboard City and replacing the internal combustion engine with "psychic power" so that, "by 1980, Californians will be thinking their cars down the freeway."

Lowell Darling. He enjoys "some of the heaviest supporters in the state," including professional wrestler Gorilla Jones. He has plans to expand his constituency through the "terminal ballot" which allows voters who know they will die by election day to vote in advance, "making Californians the first Americans to be able to cast a vote beyond the grave." Darling has also announced plans for a political swing through Mexico City "to campaign for the potential illegal alien vote."

Darling is optimistic about his chances, since his name appears just below Brown's on the election ballot. Pledging to "convince a lot of people to get real drunk or leave their glasses home" on election day, he hopes to sweep into office on a "groundswell of nearsighted votes." Lowell Darling. Remember that name: It has the timbre of greatness.

—Paul Grabowicz

N-E-S-T-L-E-S, Nestlé's Will Replace the Breast

It looks like there will soon be an all-out war against Nestlé Crunch candy bars, Taster's Choice coffee and even Jarlsberg cheese, a Nestlé import. Last month, the Infant Formula Action Coalition (INFACT) stepped up a boycott of all Nestlé products and imported goods. Protestors picketed Nestlé's U.S. subsidiary in White Plains, N.Y., and another group, the Boston INFACT, held a "Nestea Party" in the Hub City on April 15. Some 300 boycotters rallied at the Commons, marched to Waterfront Park and symbolically dumped Nestlé products in Boston Harbor.

INFACT says that Nestlé's parent company in Switzerland committed flagrantly unethical marketing practices; use of their baby formulas has resulted in widespread infant sickness, malnutrition and death in Third World countries.

The main culprit of this sordid affair is Lactogen—a powdered formula that Nestlé has been selling to unknowing mothers who substitute it for breast feeding. Poor mothers in South American and African countries are given free samples of Lactogen in hospitals but apparently can't afford to properly keep their babies on the formula. The result is that they dilute Lactogen and often neglect to sterilize baby bottles. Health officials call the resulting phenomenon of undernourished and underweight babies "Bottle Illness" or "Lactogen Syndrome."

PETER KRIEG

Lactogen: indispensable

"Some mothers will stretch the formula from a tablespoon to a quart—just enough to give it a white color," said Dr. Nicholas Cunningham, a pediatrician who spent several years in West Africa. According to medical authorities, only a small percentage of mothers can't lactate after pregnancy, and therefore it's unnecessary to put so many babies on formula. A Brookings Institute report says that breast feeding is rapidly disappearing in developing countries. For example, in Singapore, 80 percent of all 3-month-old babies were breast fed in 1951, while in 1971 only 5 percent were breast fed.

A Nestlé spokesman said the firm was more worried about its image than about declining sales. Another spokesman added that Nestlé no longer intends to advertise Lactogen without local health authority approval.

Becky Cantwell, an INFACT coordinator, said, "They have made a few superficial marketing changes, but it's a clever and subtle new strategy. They're still not willing to restrict promotion of Lactogen." *—Doug Garr*

Torture Ship, in Frisco, Has One Fond, Final Headcracking

Esmeralda, the 373-foot four-masted Chilean barkentine holds a singular distinction—it is the world's only known floating torture chamber. According to the testimony of numerous Chilean expatriots before the U.N. Human Rights Commission and Amnesty International, the *Esmeralda* was used by the military junta to imprison, interrogate and torture scores of Chilean citizens during the September 1973 coup. Now it was in San Francisco on "a goodwill tour" for Armed Forces Week festivities.

The ship sailed through the Golden Gate early Tuesday morning, May 16, with cannons booming, only to be met by a protest flotilla of 15 sailboats and motorboats broadcasting pleas in Spanish to "support the resistance" and "stop the torture." Demonstrations continued throughout the week; and on Armed Forces Day, May 20, as hundreds waited in line for guided tours of the ship, Robert Schneider, a man in his 60s, was grabbed while attempting to unfurl a banner reading "Stop The Torture Ship *Esmeralda*."

"I saw five men not in uniform drag the old guy down some stairs into the ship's hold," an eyewitness told the Channel 2 news crew in a taped interview. "I saw his head bounce on the steps as they pulled him down."

When the cameraman, standing nearby, tried to film the incident, several Chileans covered the Channel 2 camera with their hands. Twenty minutes later, as a hospital gurney bearing Schneider was being lifted from the stern gangplank to the pier, Channel 2 reporter Mike O'Connor and cameraman Gerald Koch again rushed forward to film the scene. They were surrounded and grabbed by more Chileans, but Koch managed to keep his camera rolling until he was thrown to the ground.

It was apparently enough for the Chilean guests of honor: A final group of demonstrators was removed in Navy vans, and the *Esmeralda* was closed to the public less than an hour after it had opened.

—Peter Fruchtman

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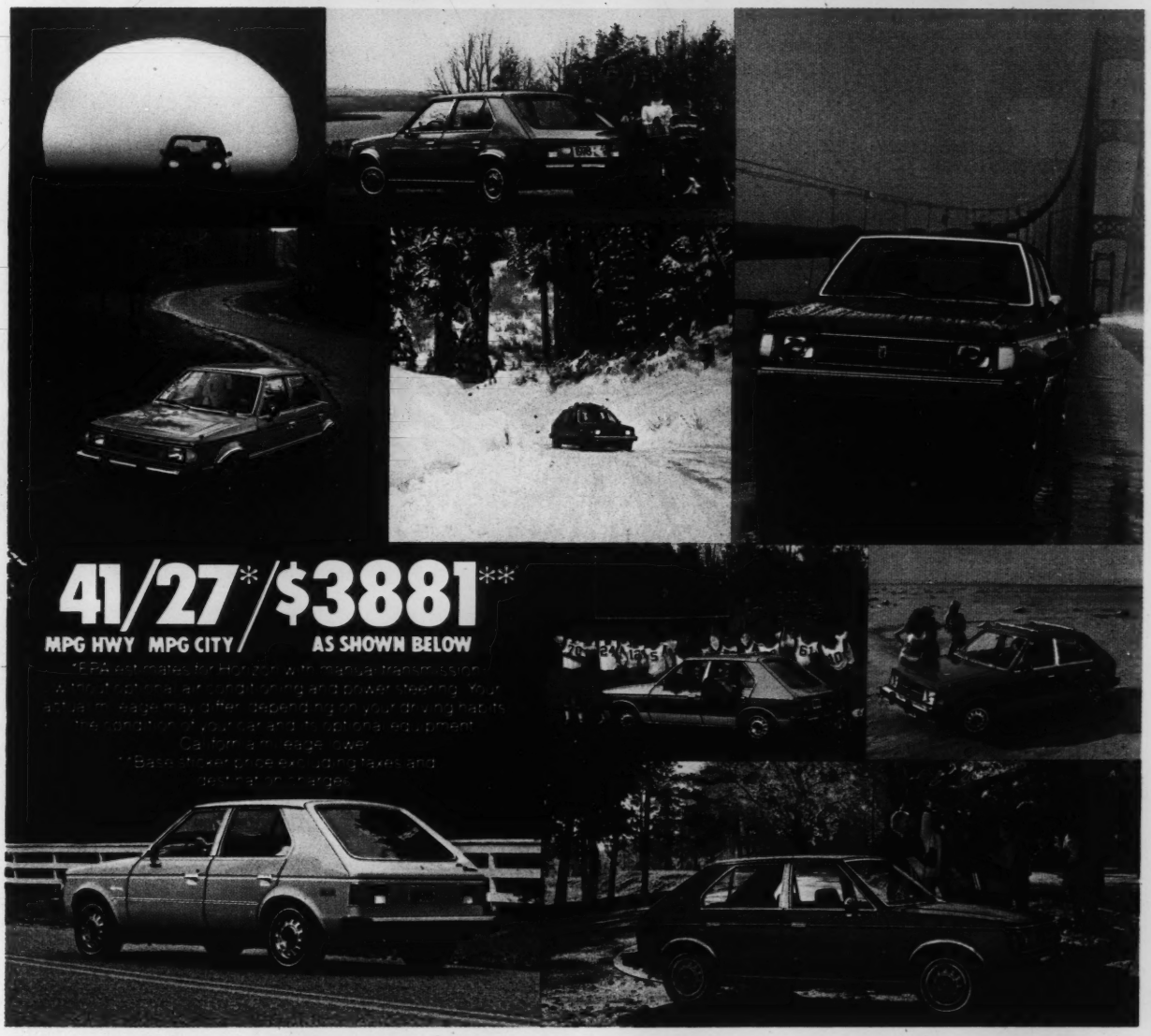

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A well-bred fellow.

Despite Thick Thumbs, Midge Hangs On in West Wing

Midge Costanza was a showcase appointment, placed in a small but strategically important space next to the Oval Office. She performed her "public liaison" duties in chaos—the most characteristic picture of Costanza was of her sitting on the office floor surrounded by folders and mounds of mail. She insisted on dealing with minutiae, say her critics, because she couldn't handle the big stuff.

One situation she recently flubbed involved a group from the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, which is sponsoring a boycott of JP Stevens, and a coalition of women's groups. Stevens, held in contempt of court three times for failing to correct labor law violations, receives big bucks in Department of Defense contracts. Under an obscure provision of DOD regulations ferretted out by the union, the President has authority to terminate DOD contracts to suppliers who violate federal law. The union and women's groups visited Costanza on March 17, asking her to present their case to Carter.

Costanza promised a reply by April 1 and wrote a memo to Defense Secretary Harold Brown. By mid-April, the women were told Costanza had heard nothing from Defense. On May 3, Costanza's office got a letter from Assistant Secretary for Manpower, Reserve Affairs and Logistics Dr. John White, saying: "It would be improper to deny contracts to a firm because of the firm's failure to comply with the National Labor Relations Act."

By mid-May, the women had heard nothing from Costanza's office, although they were able to learn of White's bad news. Pam Woywod, assistant director of the boycott for the Textile Workers and previously sympathetic to Costanza, huffed about what a lot of White's staff already knew: "I assume that there must be a lot of confusion in her office."

Seems the confusion may reign in a different office—in the Executive Office Building across the street from the White House. With continuing poor performance, the question is: How long can Costanza withstand Hamilton Jordan's assault on her toehold in the West Wing. •

WIDE WORLD

Costanza: She forgot Stevens

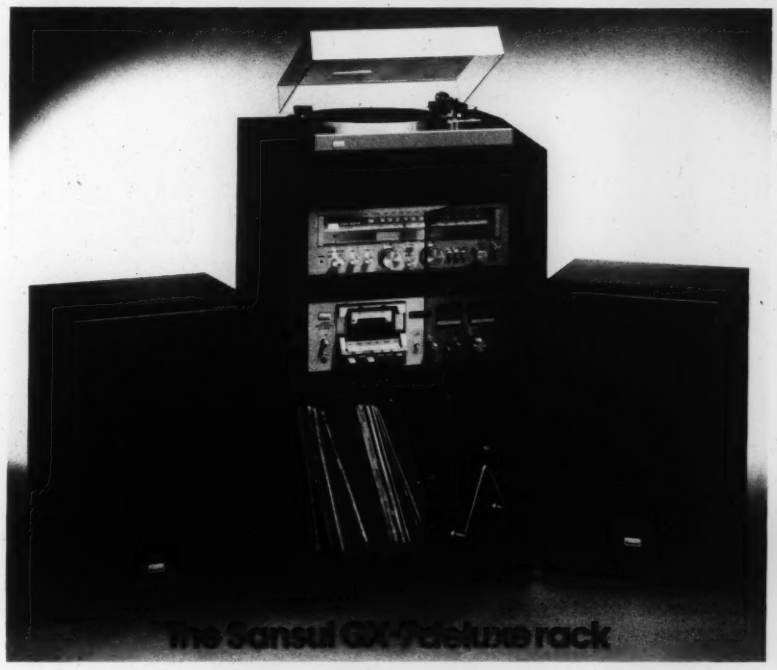
Jerry Brown's Frog Wins

Without jumping to conclusions, last weekend, a little town saw a trial heat for the upcoming gubernatorial race in California. Its assistant mayor, Paul Lambert, was confident: "Jerry Brown will win by a landslide," Lambert said—if the governor can do as well against his opponents, Ken Maddy and Pete Wilson, as his bullfrog did against theirs.

Last weekend, at the 50th annual contest (inspired by "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," by Mr. Mark Twain), Brown's sister, Kathleen Brown Rice, watched "Long is Beautiful" jump 15'4½"—twice as far as Wilson's "Star Warts" and three times further than Maddy's.

In the end, however, this *concours vert* for which over 2,000 frogs came from around the world, had more politics than it bargained for. The Fund for Animals, including Mary Tyler Moore and Princess Grace, accused Frogtown of cruelty to animals. While the fund's ass't coordinator later said most of it seemed quite "humane," we remember Douglas Offenheiser, who went on record threatening to turn his reigning champion, "Green Eyes" into "a wallet" if she had lost the contest. —*Barbara Milstein*

Get your musical act together.



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THE INSIDER SPECIAL REPORT

THE SELLING OF REPRESSION

UPI

The omnivorous public relations industry is adding to filter cigarettes and presidential candidates yet another harmful product to be cleaned up, presented and sold: Repression. The Third World, it seems, has moved to Madison Avenue.

Instead of mucking around in the messy business of bribery, an unpleasant roll call of human rights violators (paging: South Africa, the Philippines, Indonesia, Nicaragua, Argentina and El Salvador) has signed on with various PR firms in the last two years. These subscribers have been spending lavishly—some more than $1 million annually—to prop up their images in the eyes of American businessmen, journalists and power-brokers. The new sophistication is aimed ultimately at prying loose investment dollars.

Burson-Marsteller is the second largest PR concern in the industry. The government of Argentina—called the hemisphere's worst human rights violator of 1977 by the Council of Hemispheric Affairs—gave Burson-Marsteller $1.1 million in 1977 for an image-building campaign in the U.S., Canada and six other countries to assist in providing "goodwill toward the country and its government."

The money bought a slick press operation that monitored newspaper coverage of Argentina, provided select contacts and background information to influential editors, and paid for visits by journalists to Buenos Aires. Burson-Marsteller consultants met often with embassy officials in Washington, counseling them on how to deal with critics of the right-wing government.

Soon after signing a contract with Argentina in August 1976, Burson-Marsteller proposed their plan of action in a 150-page document highlighting the efficiency of their publicity tools. The battle plan lists American and foreign journalists considered potentially sympathetic to the ruling junta's policies; a number of these journalists were then flown to Argentina in 1976 and 1977 for an orchestrated tour of the country and interviews with government and business leaders—including President Jorge Videla. With the exception of writers whose newspapers specifically forbid junkets, the correspondents went

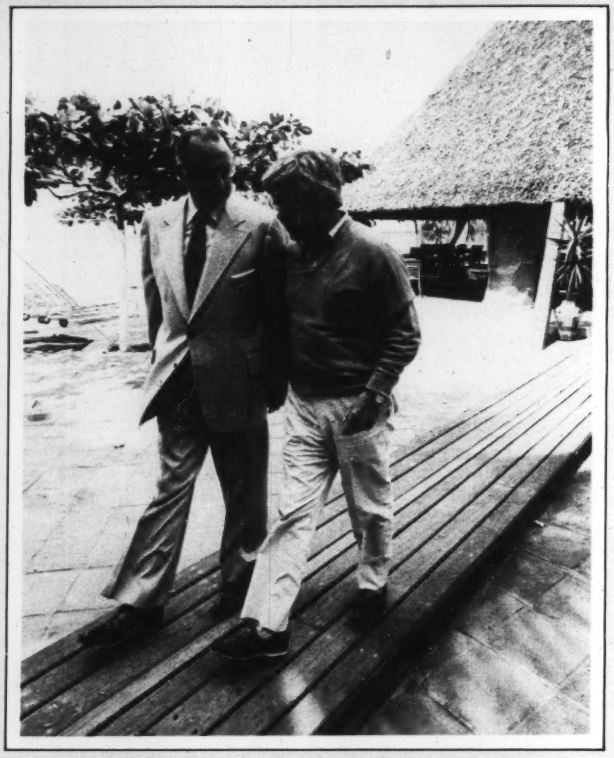
SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

Marcos: Retainer

with expenses paid by Burson-Marsteller. (Among those on one of the junkets was *Christian Science Monitor* Latin America correspondent James Goodsell.)

Reporters from Canada, Britain, West Germany and Japan received similarly ingratiating treatment. Burson-Marsteller executives also met with editors from *Time*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the AP and UPI for "briefings" on the Argentinian economic situation and recommendations for future coverage.

Burson-Marsteller will receive $848,000 in 1978 to promote a country that—according to Amnesty International—now has between 8,000 and 10,000 political prisoners, many of whom are subjected to torture. Fifteen thousand people have disappeared since March 1976, without being accounted for by the government.



WIDE WORLD

Somoza and Wolfson: Negotiating the facelift

When asked about Burson-Marsteller's attitude toward human rights violations in Argentina, Vic Emmanuel, manager of the account, explained that the firm's contract deals only with economic matters and thus frees the company from involvement in political and social affairs. He sees his mandate as "helping the country get back on its feet." As to the vast number of political prisoners, Emmanuel says, "I haven't talked to anyone in prison there, so I don't know why they're there." Preferring not to comment on the torture in Argentina, Emmanuel says, "It's not part of our arrangement with our client."

The other major Latin American operation in this country is the Nicaraguan connection, funded by the considerable resources of dictator General Anastasio Somoza. Norman L. Wolfson, chairman of New York's Norman, Lawrence, Patterson & Farrell Inc., gets a $7,000-a-month basic fee for serving as liaison between Somoza and the U.S. press, and for keeping reporters from using the general as what Wolfson calls their "whipping boy."

The Nicaraguan machine also uses the services of Washington-based MacKenzie and McCheyne, Inc., which dispenses "facts" supplied by Managua through its Nicaragua Government Information Service. The head of the firm, Ian MacKenzie, has allegedly drawn up a lengthy "enemies list" for the Nicaraguan czar, including Edward Kennedy, Frank Church, George McGovern, Father Theodore Hesburgh and New York City Mayor Ed Koch.

Other thug nations want face lifts as well, and are willing to pay for them: Indonesia paid $1,080,000 to Hill & Knowlton for setting up an economic "information serv-

ice" here; Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos, wary of growing pressure against his martial-law rule, has provided $465,000 to Doremus & Co., the nation's ninth largest PR firm, to flood America with favorable publicity; South Africa's rulers pay $650,000 a year in fees to Sydney S. Baron & Co.—mostly for arranging meetings between American financiers and South African officials. The Washington firm headed by Crawford Cook was signed by the Saudi Arabian government to help win congressional approval for the Carter Administration's sale of 60 F-15 fighter planes.

The Declaration of Principles of the Public Relations Society of America—the trade's professional body—calls on member firms to "base their professional principles on the fundamental value and dignity of the individual, holding that the free exercise of human rights, especially freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and freedom of the press, is essential to the practice of public relations." A pretty sentiment, but apparently null where void. Nevertheless, the activities of the firms are perfectly legal: The Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938 requires only that all political, fund raising, public relations and lobbying services rendered to foreign governments be filed in writing with the Justice Department and open to public examination.

Public relations firms are necessarily nervous about adverse publicity which they might incur by their support of the repressive governments. But the national contracts have gained increasing appeal. As one PR industry observer says, "Firms have lost a lot of business as corporations have gone in-house for their public relations work. One of the chief ways for them to grow is to work for foreign governments." The irony is pungent: PR firms must now seek their life-blood from countries corporate America has so often bled. U.S. PR concerns have become beauticians to the Huns.

—Michael Massing

Cupid or cupidity?

Joe Brooks: Lights Up Lives, Reunites Broken Couples, Stars Self

Joe Brooks has a new film opening across the country this week, *If Ever I See You Again*, which attempts to capture the heavenly heartbreak appeal of Brooks' earlier effort, *You Light Up My Life*. A handsome, talented composer rekindles a college affair with a beautiful, talented artist. ("If e-ver I *seee* you . . . ") The film is expected to be the critical dud "You Light . . . " was, with the accompanying commercial success among 14–18-year-olds who wish their boyfriends didn't work as bagboys at the local A&P.

In order to promote the sleeper potential of the film, Brooks has created an advertising device worthy of P.T. Barnum, or at least Crazy Eddie: If you have ever lost your true love, call, toll-free, 800-423-5250. A disturbingly perky voice will answer: "Hello, 'If Ever I See You Again' would like to help you find your lost love. What is your name? Your lost love's name? Did you use nicknames? Your phone number? The place where you lost him/her?" At this point the preceding information ("This is Mrs. Hoffa, and I lost Jimmy somewhere in the swamplands of New Jersey") is fed into a Pertec XL40 computer. If your lost love has phoned in with identical data, you will be given his or her phone number. If not: "We're terribly sorry, but Joyce hasn't called in yet. But don't worry, there's still time; we're here till June 30. Meanwhile, go see *If Ever I See You Again*; it's a memorable and heartwarming film—you'll love it!"

Joe Brooks: Helpful

Both AT&T and IBM turned down offers to run the campaign, fearing alienation-of-affection lawsuits when the re-birth of lost love erupted among the currently wed. The service retained gets about 1,900 calls a day. So far, 23 couples have been reunited ("Good news, Mrs. Crater . . . ").

When a match is completed, the operator encourages the participants to allow their names to be used in Columbia Pictures publicity releases for the film. This glorified dating service is featured in all major advertising for the film under the slogan, "Call someone you loved and lost a long time ago and ask them to see a movie." *The Greek Tycoon.*

Joe Brooks, who has never really acted before, stars in the film in addition to his duties as composer, director, producer and co-writer. Brooks claims he, "considered numerous actors. . . . But the reason I finally decided to play that role myself was that it was imperative for the character to seem absolutely real. Since I'm a composer and conductor I felt that I could convey that reality better than most actors." This "Sure I can play Hamlet—my Dad *was* King of Denmark" rationale is supported by Brooks' 21 Clio awards for composing, among others, the "You've Got a Lot to Live" Pepsi jingle, and the ditty which deals with America's chronic inability to understand Dr. Pepper.

—Paul Rudnick

Hearts and Mindlessness

Wheelchair Militants Force Fonda Picture into Accessible Houses

Coming Home, celebrated for its sensitivity toward a disabled war veteran (Jon Voight) who falls in love with Jane Fonda (Jane Fonda), was forced to close after only a two-week run in San Francisco when groups of disabled and handicapped persons shut it down because they lacked access to the theater.

Every night for two weeks, the disabled blockaded the front of the theater showing *Coming Home* because it had no wheelchair ramps. "Some of the disabled people that appear in the film were out here in front of the theater unable to get in to see it," said a spokesman for the protestors.

Jane Fonda and the film's producers allied themselves with the pickets. United Artists, last week, finally pulled the film from the inadequate theater, and it has now reopened in easy-access palaces. Some San Franciscans—ambulatory ones—had climbed over the tops of wheelchairs to enter the movie house. We asked one of the protestors just who'd had the nerve to cross their chariot barrier: "Saturday-night-date types," he said.

DAVE PATRICK

Blocked theater: Wheels of protest

—Paul Grabowicz

NewTimes

EURO-TERROR

Fear eats the soul

"The terrorists are a handful and they are everywhere. They are irrelevant and they have catastrophic consequences. In a sense they are shaping European society more than they ever dreamed in their wildest fantasies."

—a lawyer in Turin

by Andrew Kopkind

Turin — Fulvio Gianaria fears for his life. The young lawyer has accepted a court appointment to defend the 15 men and women of the Red Brigades who are here on trial for crimes of subversion and revolt. In a time less tormented and a place more peaceful, the assignment would be considered an honor. But for Gianaria it could carry a sentence far more severe than any possible penalty for the defendants. The last lawyer so honored with the case—the president of the local bar association—was gunned down on the streets of Turin as he was preparing the terrorists' defense. His assassins are still at large. "We know who they are," Gianaria says with a sad, soft smile. "They are not our adversaries. They are our clients."

The brutal logic of the new terrorism in Italy denies the pretense of innocence; the option of neutrality. Sympathetic lawyers, impartial jurors and faithful reporters become targets for terror along with prime ministers, plutocrats and police chiefs. The distinction between adversary and client is dim: There are only comrades and enemies.

"They call us the *piccoli soldati*—the little soldiers—of the system, because we accept that there is a state, there is a court, there is a trial," Gianaria explains, earnestly giving his clients their due. "The *brigatisti* say there is only war. To them, the little soldiers are no different than the great generals."

Gianaria's words echo from the distant vaulted ceiling to the shiny parquet floor of his office in a stately old *palazzo* on a broad boulevard in the severe Piedmontese capital. He has recently moved into the suite. The room is unfurnished except for one uncluttered desk and two uncomfortable straight-back chairs. The bright light bulb overhead is unshaded; the shutters are drawn. "As you will see," he says flatly, glancing toward the door, "there are many prisons in Italy, and not all of them are jails."

When it is time to leave, Gianaria cautiously opens the door to the hallway, locks his office and descends a dark staircase to the street floor. We stand for a moment in the cavernous entranceway, peering into the early evening. Three men set apart at some distance from one another are lounging among the parked cars at the curb. They see us at the door and wave cheerily.

"The police insist on giving me bodyguards," Gianaria shrugs. "They are very pleasant. But they are useless. One of my clients of the *Brigate Rosse* told me, 'If you agree to defend us, I have only one thing to say, and that is: Buy a bullet-proof vest.' But you see, I have only my shirt and jacket," he laughs. "There is nothing to do, really. Against a surprise attack there is no resistance."

Terrorism is a palpable presence for Fulvio Gianaria. It follows him from home to car to office to court, and it will not disappear for years to come. Vengeance is long: A prosecutor in Genoa who reneged on a promise to free a clutch of *brigatisti* in exchange for kidnapped hostages was killed two years after the deal fell through. Prospective jurors at the trial in Turin have been warned that the Red Brigades will get them if it takes 20 years. Some of such talk may be boast and bluff. But how can anyone know for sure?

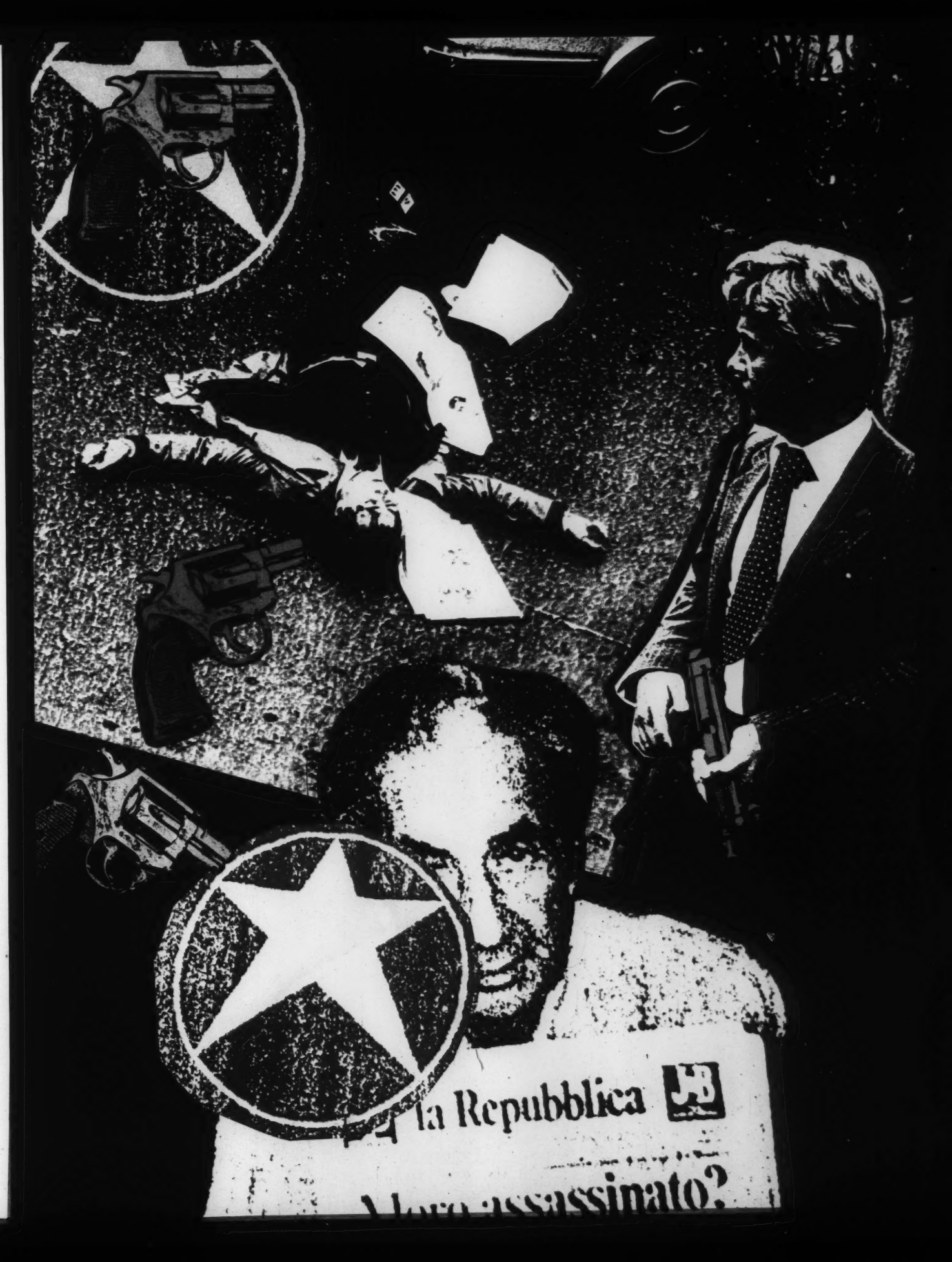
Not far from Gianaria's office is the barracks-room "court" in the La Marmora army camp where Renato Curcio and the other founders of the *Brigate Rosse* are standing trial. Here the climate of fear is thick and choking. No hall of civil justice was thought secure enough—or properly intimidating—for the proceedings. Even so, a double wall of concrete has been erected around the barracks, and soldiers armed with submachine guns patrol the perimeter. Lawyers, jurors, reporters and visitors pass through a half dozen identity checks, metal detectors and full-body searches before they may enter the court. In a sense, the Italian government has fulfilled the fantasy and validated the prophecy of the *brigatisti* that a state of civil war is at hand, and has provided them with soldiers, guns and a martial court to prove it.

Each morning the prisoners (sometimes all 15, usually only three "observers") are led in chains and manacles from their cells past long lines of soldiers at the barricades, across the dusty parade ground and up a flight of stairs into the courtroom. There they are stuffed into steel cages stacked end-to-end along one wall, facing a solid barrier of silent *carabinieri*. I counted 31 armed guards for each chained and caged terrorist. Four thousand police reinforcements have been brought to Turin and deployed around the city for the duration of the trial.

These neatly dressed defendants, studious and intense, some men with trim beards and wire-rimmed glasses, the women in neat skirts, are the *capi storici*—the "historic chiefs"—of the Red Brigades. Although the clandestine organization is accused of 30 kidnappings and 44 murders in its eight years of existence, these founders were arrested in 1976 and were safely in prison during the worst onslaught of violence, culminating in the seizure of former Prime Minister Aldo Moro in March and his murder in May. So the charges against the first-generation *brigatisti* are relatively minor: membership in an armed band, conspiracy and assaults. The bulk of the evidence against them was supplied by an infiltrator in their ranks—a Franciscan friar nicknamed "Brother Machine Gun"—who made tapes and notes of conspiratorial conversations. Now the monk has retired to a safe hiding place and refuses to testify in person. "Can you blame him?" the chief of the local police anti-terrorist squad asked me, with evident sympathy.

The prisoners will not contribute to their defense beyond demanding that

Collage by Richard Becker. Photos: Sipa Press/Black Star (3), Keystone (1)


la Repubblica

Funereal processions: German soldiers with the body of Prosecutor Buback; Red Brigades defendants in Turin

their appointed lawyers be dismissed (the Italian Constitutional Court has rejected their repeated requests for self-representation). In the section of the barracks reserved for their unwanted counsel, the black-robed men and women on the defense team busy themselves with inexplicable duties, darting like dancers among the long tables. The judge sits at a makeshift bench before a dark red velvet cloth tacked to the wooden wall. Over his head is a great golden crucifix, and above that a sign with the gilt-lettered legend: "The Law Is Equal For All."

The judge reads from a sheaf of transcripts supplied by Brother Machine Gun, in a raspy monotone amplified to unintelligibility over squawking loudspeakers. Around him sit impassive jurors draped in sashes of red, white and green stripes, like ushers at an opera gala or aristocrats at a baroque ball. For like all public events in Italy, this trial is a spectacle, a comi-tragic pageant of passions and politics, an extravaganza of force and fear. The prisoners will not participate in their trial, but they must play out their roles in the searing melodrama that they created in their violent visions.

The stage is set in Turin, but the show is running throughout Europe. Terrorism hangs over this bright spring season like a brooding shadow of a figure against the ground of everyday life. Ordinary folk—residents and tourists—may be personally untouched by any violent act. But there is fear all around, and if it does not prey on their minds, it gnaws at their souls, reminding them of the failures of the political and social environment—"the system"—in which they live, but trust no more to protect them.

Europeans may hate the terrorists for the slaughter they perpetrate and the inconveniences they provoke; but they may come to hate the system more. It is out of such profound ambivalence that this crisis in European civilization has been born. There is an unmistakable sense here that the fabric of society has been irreparably damaged, that democracy itself is endangered, and that the several states are now—in some essential but unspecified way—threatened with destruction.

The beat of terror, trials, reprisals and repression is insistent.

In Berlin, the trial of six members of the "June 2 Movement" charged with murdering city judge Günter Von Drenkmann and kidnapping Peter Lorenz, the current city senate president, began in a Moabit prison-court last month. In Paris, French writers and academics from Sartre and de Beauvoir on down are protesting the extradition of a well-known Italian activist-journalist, Antonio Bellavita, suspected by the authorities in Rome of sympathizing with terrorists by long distance (he has been working for a Parisian newspaper for three years). In Stuttgart, lawyer Klaus Croissant is on trial now (after unsuccessfully seeking political asylum in France) for carrying messages and otherwise conveniencing his clients of the Red Army Faction (RAF) in Stammheim Prison. Most of those clients are dead, having committed suicide, according to the official version, after the failure of the Hanns-Martin Schleyer kidnapping plot last October.

In Catanzaro in southern Italy, several "anarchists" have been on trial for the better part of a decade. They are accused of bombing a bank in the center of Milan, far to the north, in late 1969. Six years ago, the state prosecutor discovered that the bombing was more likely the work of "neofascists," and that the police and the secret intelligence service (since disbanded) had covered up the right-wing involvement. The fascists were then charged with the crime, but the leftists were not dismissed; and now all defendants of the diametrically opposed tendencies are on trial together, as all hope of a rational conclusion to the tangle is abandoned.

The state justice system is collapsing under the crush of trials for acts of gross and petty violence. There are proceedings in Bologna and Cuneo, Genoa and Naples and Rome, and a dozen other Italian cities. There are midnight roundups of all the usual and unusual suspects, as police sweep the communes and crash pads of young activists and dissident workers suspected of forming the "flank" of the terrorist culture. There is no legal definition of "flank," so the detentions and interrogations and unsubtle methods of extracting evidence are controlled by the police at their pleasure.

Mini-states of siege appear across the landscape. Airports in Italy and Germa-

Photos: Regis Bossu/Sygma,Sipa Press/Black Star.

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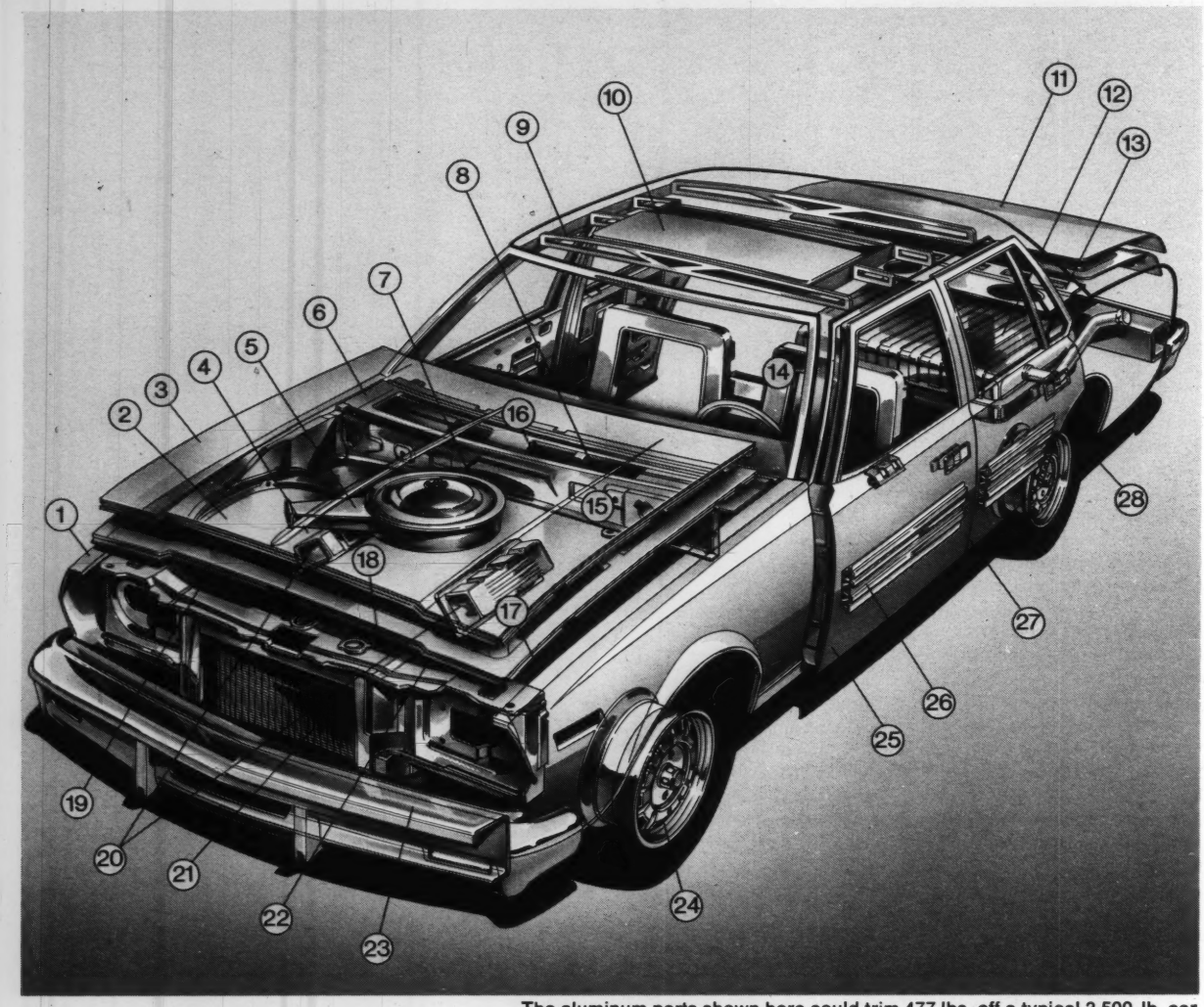

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DET 11/2

Is Rome Burning: Terrorists rampaging through streets; Aldo Moro's bullet-ridden body in the trunk of a Renault

ny seem to be under military occupation, with battle-dressed soldiers stationed on runways, at gates and inside terminal buildings. Random roadblocks are thrown up at odd times and unlikely places. Italian police searching for clues to Moro's whereabouts were wildly unmethodical, choosing roads and stopping vehicles by the merest whim rather than any identifiable plan. A barber whose shop is in the Piazza Navona, in the old downtown quarter of Rome, told me the police burst in one afternoon and began looking in the bathroom, the cabinets and under the chairs. "He's not here," the bemused barber insisted; the searchers promptly left to examine the stuffed-animals boutique next door.

The Germans are more logical by nature, though no more successful in fact: In Frankfurt, where there has been no major terrorist attack for mounths, I was stopped along with scores of other passing motorists by a phalanx of 30 green-shirted policemen in the busiest downtown street. They examined our personal and vehicular documents and asked us about our movements that evening; after half an hour we were released with a wave. A friend with me said such detentions are now commonplace: "They keep us aware of the dangers." But many citizens are inclined to wonder where the most danger lies.

The media spectaculars of terrorism—the kidnapping of Schleyer last fall and Moro this spring, the murder of *La Stampa* editor Carlo Casalegno in Turin and Dresdner Bank president Jürgen Ponto in Oberusal, near Frankfurt—get the headlines, but there are dozens of low-level acts of violence and political mischief every day in Europe. Each night, street battles erupt between right- and left-wing groups in many Italian cities. "My son goes out and I'm not sure whether he will return, or in what condition," parliamentary deputy Luciana Castellina told me with a worried frown. The day before we spoke, two teen-age boys who worked at a drug-rehabilitation center in Milan were killed by fascist rivals. A few days earlier, another young man at a youth center in Caserta was seriously wounded. "It happens all the time, I'm afraid," Castellina said.

In the days of mounting tension before Moro was killed, there were shootings and bombings every night. The victims were politicians who supported the "no deals" policy the government maintained toward the Red Brigades; industrialists who favored modernization and speed-up procedures; doctors who checked up on absenteeism; guards and policemen rumored to be particularly unpleasant to terrorist prisoners.

There are at least 115 "known" terrorist groups operating in Italy. The number and the names change from week to week: "First Line," "Armed Struggle for Communism," "Armed Workers Squads," "Fighting Communist Unity," "Armed Proletarian Nuclei" and "Working Class Power." Leftist sects seem to outnumber the rightists three-to-one, although that ratio changes as well. In 1977, the police listed 2,128 separate terrorist attacks in Italy, ranging from burglary to arson to murder. So far this year, there have been more than 1,000 attacks, including 350 assaults and 20 murders. "Knee-capping"—the act of shooting a terror target in the legs—has entered the vocabulary of several languages.

A director of the German government's new anti-terrorist "working group," Hans-Günter Kowalski, said that he gets details of "two or three actions every day—thefts of weapons, cars, license plates and passports, destruction of property, automobile fires, all the way up to bank robberies." The minor incidents go unreported. When I was in Turin, the Feltrinelli bookstore, which features serious publications of a leftist bent, was firebombed and gutted: There was a one-sentence "filler" about

"The Communist Party is the mother of terrorism. For 30 years it preached an indefinite kind of war of the classes. Now they say that class war is unnecessary for state power. But their children do not believe them."

—A colonel in the carabinieri *in Turin*

Photos: Pilone/Kappa/ Liaison, Giansanti/Gamma/Liaison

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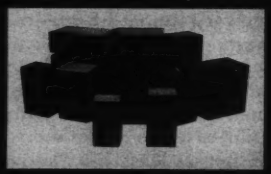

the attack in the local newspaper the next morning. In Frankfurt, an incendiary attack on a government office building got the same understatement. Hardly anyone noticed when neofascists attacked Communist and Christian Democratic offices in Florence and Rome, and a crowded movie theater in Naples. These are not examples of a "press blackout," as some radicals charge, but an expression of the surfeited weariness with which most citizens now encounter the weight of violence.

Italy and Germany are hardest hit by the wave of terrorism, but it is increasingly a pan-European phenomenon. Militants of the various violent groups travel freely across the unguarded borders of the Common Market countries. Amsterdam has become known as an "R and R" center for tired terrorists, a regrouping point for their operations; several German fugitives were recently captured in the Dutch city. Austria and Switzerland are also way-stations on the road to revolution. Italian and German terrorists have been tracked through those countries as they bounce from battle to battle.

German industrialist Schleyer was kidnapped in his native Cologne, but he was brought across the French border into Alsace, where his corpse was deposited. After the suicides in Stammheim Prison, sympathizers in France and other European countries committed acts of violence against local German offices and travel agencies in solidarity with the Red Army Faction. On December 19, 1977, an anarchist group bombed and destroyed Fauchon's, the famous gourmet food shop in Paris, as a symbolic act against conspicuous consumption. Not long ago, a British fascist group called Column 88 bombed Communist Party headquarters and a labor union office in London. Last winter, three Austrian terrorists kidnapped a banker in Vienna to raise money for the German RAF; the Austrians were captured in Switzerland, at the Italian border, after one was stopped for a minor traffic violation, and weapons and ransom money were seen in his car.

"We wanted a united Europe," a French socialist said with a light laugh, "and we spoke about unity in economics, politics and culture. But the unity we got is in terrorism."

The reign of Euro-terror is the creature of no grand conspiracy, the product of no master plot. But neither is it an alien strain dropped into an otherwise harmonious environment. Terrorism is a phenomenon of a particular social and political history that is not very difficult to trace. And the terrorists grow in a specific society that is rotting at its core and wilting at its edges, with the established forces of Left, Right and Center powerless to counteract the decay.

The very notion of "the state" is under attack. Respected values of leadership, hierarchy and authority are bitterly rejected. They are replaced by the styles of a new anarchism—"autonomy" in the current terminology—which invade every area of social endeavor: politics, culture, human relationships. At its best, the new spirit seeks to liberate Europe from the moribund institutions of the past: It is feminist, anticlerical, egalitarian. "We despise both Lenin and the Pope," a young German teacher in Berlin insisted. But at its worst it seeks to destroy all institutions simply because they exist.

"If you are looking for the beginning of this, look at your own history," the teacher suggested. "Vietnam was the start of it all for us, as it was for the Americans. Remember that we are still an occupied country. We saw ourselves then as an outpost of the same empire that was acquiring more territory in Asia. It was as if we were Goths fighting Roman soldiers in our province in order to stop the empire from conquests far away."

Like the other artifacts of modern mass culture, the pop politics of protest was a prime American export of the period. Jeans, jazz, rock & roll, easy riding, drugs, sexual liberation and student revolt sped across the Atlantic. The sheer energy of the American democratic styles beguiled young Europeans who were bored and bothered by traditional, elitist cultural values. The new politics demanded spontaneity, personal activism and utter honesty. The older ideologues were appalled. "Marxism requires patience," an Italian leftist remarked. "Demonstrations provide immediate gratification." The impatient revolt that began on American campuses in 1965 took over in Europe in 1968: Vincennes and the Sorbonne in France, Turin and Bologna in Italy, Berlin and Frankfurt in Germany.

One of the early European evangelists of the new American politics was Horst Mahler, a Berlin lawyer (see box) who represented activists Rudi Dutschke and Andreas Baader in their early troubles with the law, and who later joined the movements he serviced. Mahler went underground for a few months in 1970. He was captured that autumn and has been in jail ever since. We spoke one April morning in his prison cell.

"The first stage of our 'illegal' activities was helping American deserters go to France, to Italy, to Sweden. We developed contacts all over Europe for the first time. But we thought that wasn't enough. Some people began to take more violent actions, to set fires in buildings, or destroy American military supplies. But even *that* wasn't enough. It didn't stop the war, it didn't end the collaboration of the German government with American policy.

"In Germany," Mahler continued, "the radical movement was a moral revolt against society. We suddenly discovered our past. All the old Nazis were in power, all the old values were reinstituted in the new culture of consumption, the new politics of liberal capitalism, the new collaboration with American imperialism.

"We thought we could tell middle-class people about all this and they would understand; but they didn't. Then we went to the working class to organize them against the system; but we couldn't. Then we turned to the Third World as our allies against our own country; but there was no response. And finally we turned against ourselves and everyone around us, to violence and self-destruction."

The passionate, moralistic protestors of the sixties—Ulrike Meinhof and Andreas Baader—graduated into the hardened terrorists of the seventies; they were followed by new "generations" of radicals who had no feeling at all for the painful ambiguities and contradictions of the past.

The activists became isolated and absorbed with the internal dynamic of their own radicalism: They dared themselves to be as terrifying as they could, with each successive attack. After one Baader-Meinhof bombing, some slipped away from West to East Berlin. The German Communists were hardly sympathetic, and shoved them onto a plane for the Mideast. There they met Palestinian guerrillas, who trained them in warfare and terrorism and sent them back to Europe. None of the young Germans knew at the time that they were being used by various Arab factions against one another: Jordanians against Iraquis, El Fatah against the Popular Front, Syrians against Lebanese.

"The Arabs totally deformed our radicals," one veteran of 1968—who is still sympathetic to Palestinian nationalism—said with a sneer. "The first thing the Baader-Meinhof people did when they got back was to attack a Jewish community center in Berlin. Can you imagine what that meant in Germany? Can you imagine how it affected young people who had been arguing with their parents for years on the very issue of anti-Semitism? It was worse than a crime: a blunder."

Little illegalities became big murders, kidnappings, bank robberies. The radicals now wanted to strike at the heart of a "system" which fostered inequality along with war, decadence along with imperialism, hypocrisy along with profiteering. But the "system" had all the bombs and troop divisions. The radicals had to settle for symbols. They struck with impudent impatience.

The Italian "New Left" was never as consumed with the war in Vietnam as were its German or French counterparts, but it was just as dependent on American protest fashions. The export model was tailored to local tastes: The insurrection in Italy focused on the desperate condition of the southern and Sicilian regions, the disgrace of overcrowded and obsolete universities, the plight of the unemployed and the exclusion of workers from an "economic miracle" that seemed to benefit only the rich. The movement reached its dizzying peak in the "hot autumn" of 1969, when millions of workers, students and free-lance protesters broke the fragile peace and disrupted the vulnerable economy in a spontaneous revolt against "business as usual" in Italy.

There was no space and little time at the top of the revolt. In a few months it all came crashing down, its media stars and propaganda coups and tenuous reforms falling flat and hard. The "movement" in Europe was dead, and out of the ruins the new radical organizations were born: the Red Brigades, the Red Army Faction—and, in America, the Weather Underground.

"European terrorism will produce European cooperation to defeat it. Soon we will have the 'Euro-cop,' the transnational Common Market policeman whose main job will be to defend capitalism in Western Europe. Thanks to the Red Brigades and the RAF."

—A socialist professor in Frankfurt

Spontaneity had not been enough for these cynical survivors. Looking at the world with a longer line of sight, they wanted a permanent revolutionary party; and between the fall of 1969 and the early spring of 1970, they formed the first clandestine organizations that turned to terror. They built their bombs—and occasionally blew themselves up, as three Weatherpeople did in a Greenwich Village townhouse in March 1970. They held fevered "war councils" and strategy sessions: The pro-*brigatisti* were meeting at Chiavari on the Italian Riviera in the same month in late 1969 as the Weather organization was laying its revolutionary plans in Flint, Michigan. The German "Extra-Parliamentary Opposition" — which Horst Mahler and Andreas Baader were using to pressure the established political parties into enacting reforms—turned into the Red Army Faction during those same few weeks.

It was considered the job of liberal

and leftist political parties in every country to accomplish enough reforms and make the necessary changes to blunt the knife-point of radicalism. The Communist Party in Italy, the Social Democrats in Germany, the Union of the Left in France and the McGovernite wing of the Democratic Party in America took it upon themselves to stand between the reactionary establishment and the fiery radicals, to bring comfort to one and hope to the other, to keep the peace and change society at the same time. The job was necessary, but its execution proved logically impossible, and one by one, the liberal entrepreneurs of reform failed in their missions. And at every moment of failure, the radical revolt deepened.

"We were waiting," an editor of the Rome daily newspaper *Lotta Continua* ("The Struggle Goes On") recalled with obvious regret. "We thought that things would be different after the 20th of June, 1976—when the Left would win the parliamentary elections. We didn't agree with the Communist Party in many respects, but we wanted a government that would change Italy for the better. And it *would* have changed things, too. But the Left lost, and the elections demonstrated that all our hopes were false."

The Red Brigades had been relatively mild in their tactics until that time. Their few "kidnappings" had been more for propagandistic than terroristic purposes. Victims were held for a short time and released. One plant manager who had been particularly despised by workers was kidnapped, stripped naked and made to "apologize" to his employees in that embarrassing state. There were robberies and one admitted shooting at the end of 1975. It was no picnic, to be sure. But the real wave of terrorism in Italy did not start until the McGovern's defeat at the end of 1972. Since then, of course, other violent sects have come and gone: the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Black Liberation Army, the Puerto Rican FALN. Most of these groups exclude young whites and students—counterparts of the Euro-terrorists—who seem to harbor hopes for legitimate alternatives to the present stalemated political balance. European radicals consider such hopes naive, but they linger still in American dreams. How much longer they will survive is problematic. But if the sense of hopelessness that now pervades Italy and Germany should ever reach these shores—if the export of pop radicalism is repaid in the currency of terrorism—we will finally understand the springs of madness that feed the fear in Europe.

The brazen kidnapping and brutal murder of Aldo Moro has carried European terrorism to a new level of importance. It has cemented political alignments, isolated dissident elements and opened the possibility of severe political repression. All that, of course, is part of the Red Brigades' plan: to "force the state to reveal itself," as one document put it, as a fascist instrument, supported by Communists and Christian Democrats alike, which defeats the aspirations of the working class at every turn.

The terrorists are tragically wrong on almost every score—in their description of Italy (or Germany) as fascist, in their categorization of Communists and "bourgeois" parties as identical units of the "Imperialist State of the Multinationals," and in their prediction that "the masses" will soon rise and defeat the major parties. But they are accurate in their assessment that many people feel alienated, angry or even violently antagonistic to the way Italy has been mismanaged for 30 years.

"The failure of Eurocommunism in Italy and France will give rise to the crazy Left. We are sitting on a volcano."
—a Polish journalist in Rome

defeat of the 20th of June.

The Red Army Faction, too, waited for the failures of Socialist Willy Brandt before it slipped into its calculated strategy of terror. In France, there was little violence throughout the long campaign of the Union of the Left for parliamentary power in the elections of 1978. The defeat of the Left now worries many in France, who see the German and Italian experiences looming for their own country.

In America, the terrorist tactics of the Weather Underground never progressed much beyond the bathroom-destruction stage (Pentagon and congressional johns were the targets of choice) and self-inflicted wounds. And even those acts petered out before

Despite a few years of "miraculous" growth in the late 1950s, Italy has been mired for some time in deep economic difficulties and intractable social conflict. The unemployment rate is among the highest in any industrialized country in the world, and much of it is centered on 19–24-year-olds. Twenty percent of those young people are "officially" unemployed, but the statistics do not include youths who have not yet had their first jobs, or those who do *lavoro nero*—so-called "black work"—which is part-time, unregulated, underpaid and non-unionized. One University of Rome economist estimates that half the male population between 19 and 25 is effectively "unemployed," or at least outside the economic mainstream.

There are reasons deep in Italian history and society that make solutions to its economic problems extremely difficult to execute: fascism, war and underdevelopment, for three. But much of the blame must fall on the Christian Democratic Party, which has held power in Italy since April 1948, without interruption. There have been dozens of different "governments" in those three decades, but for the most part only briefcases and nameplates have been shuffled. The party remains secure as the most "stable" political organization in the Western world.

Its corruption, incompetence and arrogance are as outstanding as its longevity. The Christian Democrats maintain their position not because they have treated Italy well, but because of their identification with the Catholic Church (the party is the political arm of Catholicism in Italy), and because the only real alternative to their rule has been communism. Until recently at least, that was a revolutionary alternative that the majority of voters feared more than they disliked the incumbents.

Christian Democratic businessmen get the few benefits the system has to offer; the rest of the people have gotten short shrift. The University of Rome, for instance, was built for 15,000 students, and those same facilities must now accommodate 165,000. For most of those students there will be no jobs in private or public industry, no hope of advancing in a stagnant society. According to one frequently cited study, only 5 percent of the 45,000 architecture students now in school will find employment in their profession.

The other 95 percent will form part of the new class of castoffs, the marginal mass of society that is the sea in which the terrorists swim. Politicians call the young, hostile underclass the "ultra-left," but it has no consistent ideology that could place it in a recognizable place on the political spectrum. The "ultras" are opposed to the Christian Democrats because of the party's dead hand at the stick for 30 years. They are opposed to the Communist Party because of its collaboration with the establishment in order to win parliamentary power. They are opposed to the left-wing unions because they protect the already-employed, ignore the job-seekers and make Italy virtually a closed shop. They are opposed to the formal state because it sanctions all the institutions that oppress them. They were opposed to Aldo Moro because he held the Christian Democrats together, forged the collaboration between Communists and Catholics and symbolized the power of the state: He was due to be the next president of the republic. And last of all, they are opposed to the *Brigate Rosse* because the strategy of terror simply and obviously reinforces all the oppressive

Radical Revisionism

Horst Mahler is a survivor. He has outlasted the violent excesses of the radical antiwar movement he helped found and guide. He has survived the bitter despair that was fatal to his former comrades: Ulrike Meinhof, Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin. He looks beyond the coolly repressive climate of Germany today to a future at once "more revolutionary and more free" in all of Europe, east and west. But for many more years (perhaps a decade) he will be in Tegel Prison in Berlin, serving terms for aiding Baader's short-lived escape from jail in 1970, and for abetting several bank robbers (allegedly engaged in "political fund-raising") in that same year. Mahler has mellowed in his imprisonment, but he has not lost his radical vision—or his optimism. On a sunny spring morning, we met in a bare cell in Tegel. There were three chairs (one for a pleasant guard who understood no English, quickly became bored and left half-way through our morning-long conversation), a small table and a single ashtray made of half a tin can. Bearded, plump and animated, Mahler does not seem at all defeated by his imprisonment. "I've had a chance to read a lot of Hegel," he joked. He began talking (his English is perfect) about the springs of his involvement in radical politics:

"I was born in 1936, in Silesia, which is now part of Poland. I'm a child of the middle class. My father was a dentist. When the Russian Red Army came to 'free' us—a very ambiguous freedom—we fled to Middle [East] Germany, and then to West Berlin in 1949.

"I was anticommunist by emotion. I was against Stalin, Russians, Communists. I decided to read Marxist literature to understand the evil, and I was overwhelmed by Karl Marx. At the Free University [in Berlin] I joined a Marxist reading group and a seminar on Lenin's theory of the state. But I was a conventional student, too; I joined a traditional 'fencing club.' I was in the youth group of the Social Democratic Party, the 'SDS' [Socialist German Students]. We discussed the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, then the Algerian war. That was the beginning of our concern with the effects of imperialism around the world. Then the Social Democrats conducted a 'party trial' against us and expelled us in 1959 for being too leftist.

"I lost contact with political groups for a few years. I was quite a normal lawyer, with an office near the Kurfürstendamm and a successful practice. Then in 1966, Rudi Dutschke, the radical student leader, asked me to help defend a student from Venezuela who was having difficulties with the American CIA. The CIA tried to recruit him as an infiltrator and informer, and when he refused, they threatened to have him deported. Remember that Berlin is still partly under American military control, that Germany is still occupied by American soldiers. I took the case and we won; he was allowed to stay in Germany.

"After that I helped out in several political cases. Slowly I became acquainted with new ideas, with Freud and Wilhelm Reich and different approaches to politics. Soon I became the lawyer for the student movement.

"The movement was growing every day. At Easter 1968, we had 50,000 people in the street. There were many splits. Once we had a discussion about blowing up an American institute; some people decided to do it on the eve of a big demonstration on November 9, 1969, but the dynamite didn't work. But there were many personal crises, too; you can't separate political and personal issues. We suffered from our past; we always asked ourselves why our parents did not resist Nazi barbarism. We saw developments like the German government's support of the war in Vietnam, and we thought we had to resist—as our fathers did not. So we helped deserters from the U.S. Army get out of Germany.

"After 1968 and 1969 we saw the wave of the movement was dying. There were two opposing ideas about what to do: join ongoing struggles in factories, neighborhoods, universities; or develop an abstract guerrilla warfare as part of the Third World revolution. The Red Army Faction chose the latter. I was trapped.

Horst Mahler

Photo:Keystone

"At first I tried to justify these politics; I wrote a little book about the strategy of armed struggle. But I became more and more critical, especially after the bombing of a building in Hamburg in which many people were injured—not big shots, but ordinary working people. It made me cut my emotional links to the movement. My comrades reacted very strongly against me, they laid guilt trips on me: 'You are safe in jail while we are dying,' and so forth. For the first time there were comrades 'more radical than I.'

"We were wrong about terrorism. We thought that only the police enforce repression. But if you attack the state, if you attack authority, most people identify with that authority, and they're ready to support measures against radicals and terrorists, no matter how undemocratic and repressive.

"The terrorist groups must realize that here in the welfare state most people are well-off enough to fear losing what they've got. The armed terrorists can't protect their revolutionary promises or guarantee an improvement in people's lives, as the guerrillas could do in China or Cuba or Vietnam. In Italy, for instance, the Red Brigades cannot protect the workers from the repression the terrorists are provoking. People who cannot imagine a better way of life would be crazy to go along with the *Brigate Rosse* or the Red Army Faction. And people are not crazy. The guerrillas should understand that they are not revolutionaries but pawns in the hands of the most reactionary forces.

"The left is now at the deepest point of our political crisis, but at least that can be a starting point for a rebirth. There is a large number of people waiting, looking for opportunities after years of disorientation, of despair. There are any number of issues: nuclear power, feminism, militarism, work conditions, ecology.

"The question of the state is most crucial of all. The Marxist-Leninist theory is false—the state is not just an instrument of power of one class. But the anarchists are wrong too. It *is* possible to use the state for the common good, for common interests. We must declare that the state must be the state of the people, *not* the state of one class or one elite. That means we have to find a way to do it all better than 'they' are doing it, that we are ready for making demands, that we can supply an alternative, that we can build a better society. We must have a new kind of state not based on suppression of the individual, but on the realization of freedom. Everything will have to change: property, work, personal roles. But we can make it happen. Even here, I'm optimistic." —**A.K.**

parties, unions, politicians and the state itself. Their slogan this spring was "Nè con le Brigate Rosse, nè con lo stato"—neither with the Red Brigades nor with the state.

Nowadays, many of the young radicals consider themselves part of an anarchist grouping called "Autonomia Operaia," an untranslatable title ("working class autonomy," the literal meaning, conveys no real sense of the term) that more than anything signifies the independent—autonomous—stance toward all organizations, institutions and the state.

Of course the *"autonomisti"* are split, too. "If there are three Italians in a political group, there will soon be three separate tendencies, each differing violently with the others," a Roman journalist explained. A small but menacing wing of Autonomia is made up of spontaneous adventurers who like to brandish .38-caliber pistols—P-38's—and are named for their weapons. The "P-38's" show up at demonstrations and provoke confrontations with the police by shooting off their guns while others are merely shooting off their mouths.

They also trash office buildings, banks and—recently—automobile showrooms. Favorite targets last month were Alfa Romeo dealerships; the big state-owned car manufacturer had just signed an agreement giving overtime benefits to its workers, thus foreclosing the possibility of new work for the unemployed. "As a matter of fact," one student close to Autonomia in Rome told me, "there have been no new jobs at any big factory in Italy since 1974." He is quite right. With help and encouragement from the unions and the Communist Party, industrialists are actually closing plants and merging facilities to increase productivity, lower the price of exports and reduce payrolls.

The tightly organized Red Brigades are distinct from the anarchistic *autonomisti*, but they bubble up from the same well of hostility in Italian society. One of the more articulate spokesmen of the leaderless radicals, Oreste Scalzone, said over Autonomia's "free radio" station, Red Wave:

"Terrorism exists, and it would be strange if it didn't in a society such as ours. We need to see that it is damaging and not try to exorcize it with lies. Instead of voting repressive laws and launching a mass mobilization of denunciation against terrorism, why can't the politicians vote in laws of reform?"

The police tar the *autonomisti* with the Red Brigades brush. Most of the arms caches and political centers raided by the police during the futile hunt for Moro were not Brigade hideouts but headquarters for one or another sect of Autonomia. The differences between the ordinary *autonomista* and the *brigatista* are not always clear to the authorities, but they are crucial in the minds of the young people themselves.

"Violence and terrorism are two different things," a student in Turin told me one night at a political center. "People who suffer because of poverty or unemployment or lack of education or harsh work have much violence in them, and they express it in revolutionary situations. But terrorism expropriates the natural violence of such people and puts it into the hands of a self-appointed elite. The *Brigate Rosse* rob the people of the struggle that must be waged if the society is to change."

"I don't know why, but they play anti-American movies every night on the television these days." *—An Italian housewife at the end of the "bust" scene from* The Strawberry Statement

Turin is a logical, if not inevitable, focus for the expression of violence against Italian society. It is, after all, the birthplace of the Italian Socialist Party and the 1968 student revolt. It is also the headquarters of Fiat—the largest private business in Europe.

Turin is a Fiat company town. The giant automobile complex owns the biggest Turin newspapers, national intercity bus lines, resort hotels, aircraft engine manufacturing firms, publishing houses—and even the major automobile tollroads in northern Italy. Fiat directly employs 150,000 people in the Turin area, and half the metropolitan population lives off the company in one way or another.

"You shouldn't be surprised that Turin has so much terrorism," a Fiat executive told me matter-of-factly. "This is the stronghold of the private industrial system in Italy, just as Rome is the center of the political system. We have the greatest symbol of capitalism in our midst."

For its position, Fiat has suffered at the hands of the Red Brigades and other violent organizations. Some 25 employees—from shop foreman to managing director—have been kidnapped, murdered or wounded in the last few years. Others more loosely connected with Fiat—such as Casalegno of the Fiat-owned newspaper, *La Stampa*—have been killed. There are weekly acts of sabotage against Fiat property or the belongings of employees.

"Capitalism has been much rougher in Italy than in many countries," the manager said with uncommon candor. "Perhaps the workers' violence now is in reaction to the companies' violence against them in previous years. I don't know. There is massive unemployment among the educated classes here, too. They must want revenge as well.

"It used to be different," he sighed. "We used to have quite a jolly social life. But people don't enjoy going out any more, seeing friends, having a coffee, strolling the *piazze* in the evening. There may be no specific danger, perhaps. But the atmosphere has changed, as if a glacier has come down from the Alps," he added, sweeping his hand in the direction of the snowy mountains that climb from the western edge of the city.

Beyond those mountains, in Germany, the climate changes, but many of the forces are similar. Social conflict on the Teutonic plains is not nearly so agitated now, but Germans have reason to worry. After two decades of its own economic miracle, Germany is feeling severe economic strain. Industrial growth has slowed to little more than a crawl—half the U.S. figure—and this spring, for the first time since World War II, there have been waves of strikes in the major unions, including the metalworkers (the biggest single union in the world) and the printers.

"One reason for our 'miracle' was the discipline of our workers," Heinz Commer, a director of the German Industry and Trade Board told me. "That seems to be breaking down. I have a friend who ordered a new Mercedes this spring—and because of the strikes, he won't get it until October!"

Among young workers and students there is a context of radicalism very much like what is found in Italy. The counterpart of Autonomia are the Spontis—the "spontaneous ones"—whose more excitable members trash offices and wreck ticket-vending machines in buses and streetcars. A typical Sponti pastime is shoplifting; but here it is given an ideological nobility—"proletarian expropriation."

"Bourgeois society talks about political terror," a student at Frankfurt's Goethe University remarked. "They don't talk about 'consumption terror,' or 'Mercedes terror' or 'production-line terror.' These things are very real to many Germans, but no one does anything about them. Except us."

Thousands of Spontis defied police barricades and endless frisking last October to attend the funerals of the three Red Army Faction prisoners at Stammheim Prison. Some 40,000 protestors marched on a nuclear power plant site last summer; more than two thirds of them were frisked by the police in an endless hassle. About 20,000 demonstrated in Berlin in January to protest

Continued on page 61

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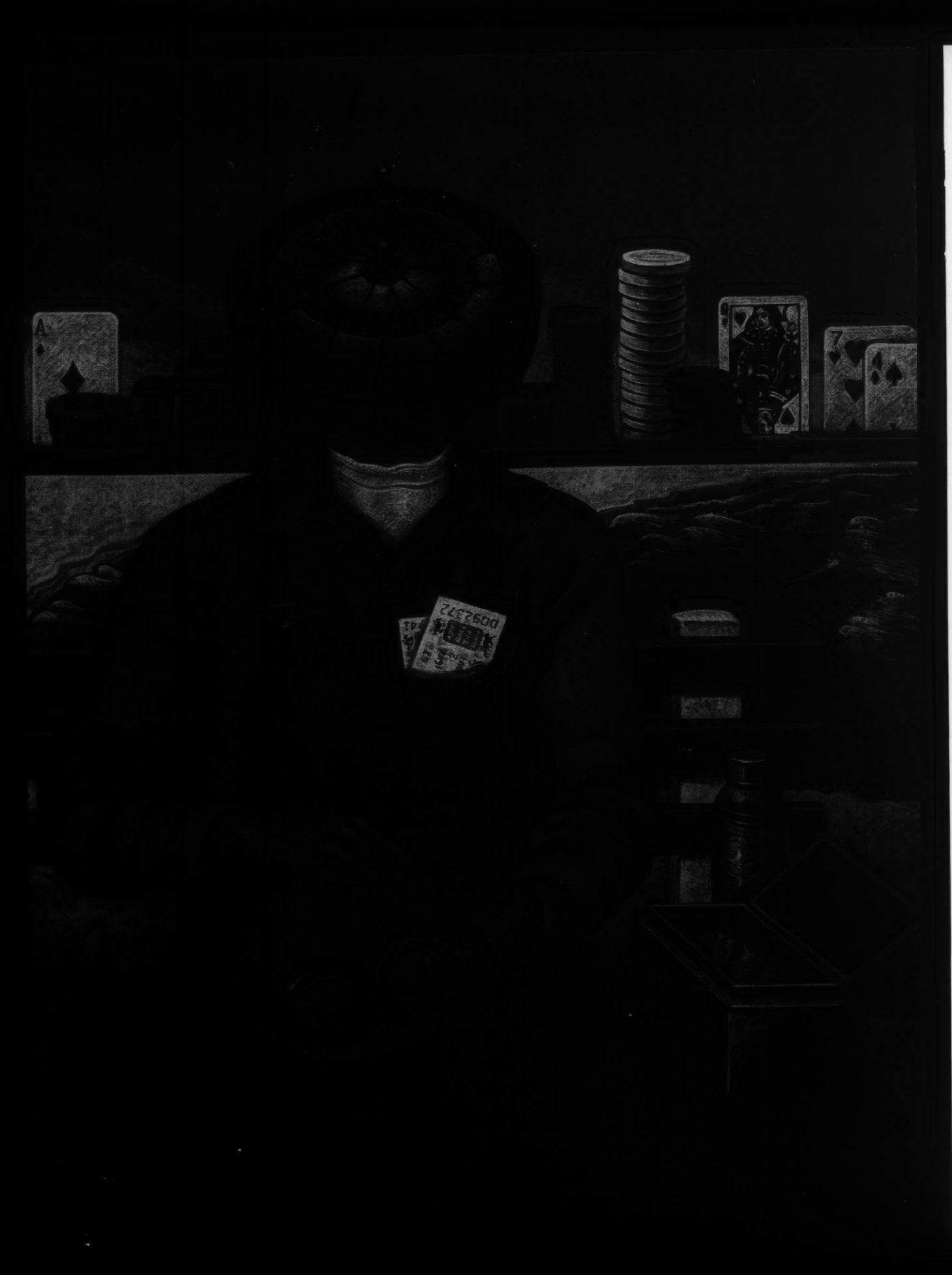


Pity the Poor Blue-collar Gambler

Atlantic City will bring big-time Vegas action to every small-time Hoboken hustler with a free afternoon and five dollars for gas

by Geoffrey Douglas

John M. loves to shoot craps. When the dice rolled out on the first legal crap game in Atlantic City, you can bet John was there. He had waited too long, and too anxiously, to have missed Opening Night. His $500 stake was set aside by mid-March, and he was prepared to lose it all in an hour at the table if the dice rolled cold. No doubt he did.

John had been looking forward to the painlessness of it all for months: "It's not like it is in Vegas. You lose out there, you're stuck out in the middle of the desert, you don't just turn around and come home. So what do you do? . . . You lose more. In A.C., I lose my $500, I'm out and home in an hour."

Opening Night was a long time coming, and real gamblers don't wait for sanctions. For as long as he or anyone else can remember, John M. has taken his action where he found it. In the back room of the Main Street pool hall in Millville, New Jersey, it is 3:00 on a Saturday morning in March, and John is pulling in what must be his 30th pot of the night. The game is high-low poker, draw and stud; the limit is $8. He is hot, as hot as he was cold the Friday night before, and the $600 he is winning will bring him close to even for the two sessions. Not that he thinks in these terms. Poker players are not capitalists; profit and loss are computed a night at a time.

John has been playing steadily for seven hours. He will quit shortly, leaving the game to the losers and hangers-on. He will be home by 4 a.m., sleep for five hours and be up in time to make the first race Saturday afternoon. The beat goes on.

As gamblers go, John is probably better than most. He has sound instincts, rarely overplays a hand and doesn't hesitate to throw in a loser. In the Millville game—which has run continuously, at varying stakes and with various players, for 25 years—he judges that he is "probably about even, maybe a little ahead." It's the track that kills him.

"I'm a big loser there. You gotta be a loser if you go as often as I do. You can't beat the horses over the long haul, no way you can beat them."

Then why go? "Listen friend, you gotta understand something. Gambling's my thing. Different people get turned on different ways. Some people like golf. I gamble. It's that simple."

Maybe so. But listening to John talk, you can't help but wonder: What will happen to this man's life now that the "golf course" has moved in across the street? What will felt tables and easy credit do to a gambler who gets his kicks in the back room of a pool hall?

Cards and horses notwithstanding, John M. is the mirror of his class and his country. He is 44, a construction foreman, married with two teen-age children. He is big, bald and congenial as a collie. He earns, he says, "in the neighborhood of $30,000." Of this, in a given year, roughly $7,500 will go toward gambling. ("That don't necessarily mean I lose that much, that's just how much I risk.") He plays poker "on the average of three times a week," goes to the track "maybe twice."

For the time being at least, John has his habit under rein. The mortgage gets paid on time, there is food on the table, and the standard parcel of amenities is provided.

"I'm not the type of guy who deprives his family, no way. My daughter, for instance, I bought her a car and a horse. My kids get everything they need; you won't hear no complaints from them."

Nor does his wife, he claims, mind about the money: "What gets her is the time. I'm home maybe two nights a week, sometimes only one. That's gotta be tough on a woman."

Tough or not, John shows no signs of easing off. A habit is a habit, and two nights a week are better than none at all—so long as the balance can be maintained. But it is a delicate balance at best, and he knows it. He knows, too, that it will be tested with the coming of craps to Atlantic City. And he is ready with an answer.

"I won't gamble any more often than I do now." He shrugs when he says this, as though the whole issue was infantile and unnecessary. "I'll just cut out the track, is all. Shoot craps instead—two, maybe three nights a week if it's going good. You can't beat the horses anyhow. At the tables, at least you got a fair shake. But other than that, it won't be no different than it is now."

If John is right, he is a stronger man than most. But right or wrong, he'll be bucking the odds. There are roughly 10 million gamblers within a five-hour drive of Atlantic City. Two to three million of them, according to a Gamblers Anonymous estimate, are addicts—"compulsive bettors whose habits have become unmanageable and seriously interfere with the normal conduct of their lives." The large majority of these 10 million, compulsive and otherwise, rare-

Geoffrey Douglas is a contributing editor for New Jersey Monthly.

Illustration by Theresa Fasolino.

ly see the inside of a legitimate casino. Like John, they take their action where they find it—Friday night poker groups, the numbers, football pools, OTB and the track. Las Vegas and the Caribbean, to most of them, are remote and extravagant points on the globe, either outright unaffordable or simply not worth the cost. Gamblers do not think like tourists: Travel and accommodations are not viewed as the price of a weekend of entertainment. To the John M.'s of the world, the dollars spent getting to the tables are dollars that must be recouped. You are down before you begin:

"By the time you pay your plane fare and hotel, you're $600 in the hole already. The first night you shoot, you're just playing to get even. I go to Vegas, I got to have three or four thousand just to make it worthwhile. So I don't go too often."

But with the arrival of casino gambling to the population hub of the nation, big-time action is there for every nickel-and-dimer with the afternoon off and $5 in gas money. Riveters and longshoremen will play blackjack next to Main Line ladies in silk evening gowns. Casinos, like tennis, will have gone blue collar. The event is going to alter a lot of lives.

"Hell, it'll be a whole different thing," John says. "You'll have nothing to pay for but your gambling. Compared to Vegas, it'll be like having a $600 start, you know what I mean?"

Malcolm R. knows exactly what he means. Malcolm has never met John M., but he claims to know him well.

"Oh yeah, I know the guy you're talking about—the guy with the bullshit line about how knocking off travel costs will be like starting out $500 ahead. I've heard that line before... That's the same guy that wins at the track, keeps doubling his bets, and tells you it don't matter 'cause he's playing with 'the track's money.' Sure, I know him. Let me tell you something—that guy is a dead pigeon already. Atlantic City's gonna chew him up alive."

Malcolm should know. He's been chewed up and spit out several times himself. But not lately. He joined Gamblers Anonymous six years ago and hasn't bet a nickel since. But it doesn't get any easier.

"It ain't like quitting smoking, I'll tell you that... It's every bit as hard today as it was 5½ years ago. With Atlantic City open, I'm gonna have to nail my left leg to the floor. I'm just sorry for the poor bastards who won't have the sense, like your friend with the crazy ideas... That place is gonna fuck up a lotta lives."

The dynamics of addiction are as sordid with gambling as with liquor or drugs. Harold S., another GA reformee with a past like a soiled rag, warns that the process is creeping and cumulative.

"Compulsive gambling is a very patient disease. It waits years... I began by playing card-roll for dimes in the street, went on to football cards by the time I was 20. It kept getting bigger... It got so I used to send my first wife to the finance company for me, wait for her out in the car, grab the money out of her hands and run off to the track... She left me in the end—best broad there was in the world, I get tears in my eyes when I think about it... By the end, I was so buried [in debt] I had to run away to the Midwest... Twenty-eight thousand to shylocks alone. I couldn't scheme no more, I couldn't steal no more, and I did both, believe me. I could tell you some stories... I was down under, man, hiding behind closed doors, not answering phones. I felt like a scumbag."

What will felt tables and easy credit do to a gambler who gets his kicks in the back room of a pool hall?

Atlantic City is going to begin that process for a lot of people, Harold says. And continue it for others.

"All it takes is opportunity. Access, a gambler needs access. That's why I chose the Midwest to run to—you can't play if there's no game in town, and I was trying to get off it... The more action there is, the more compulsives you're gonna get. Just look what happened when they brought off-track betting into New York—we damn near doubled the GA rolls inside the first year. And credit—they start giving them the credit they're talking about doing, and you're gonna have more problem gamblers than you'll know what to do with."

But Atlantic City itself is only the beginning. A Miami Beach casino referendum is likely later this year; in New York, a bill failed narrowly to clear the Senate in 1977 (it passed in the Assembly) and is scheduled for reconsideration in 1978. Michigan voters rejected casinos two years ago, but will likely be asked to try again. Forces in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains are also putting together an effort, and there has been talk of referendums in New Orleans and Nebraska. Widespread casino gambling is inevitable; the only uncertainty is the timetable.

"Just wait till they get it in the Catskills," says Harold. "The average guy that used to go to the mountains with his family? He isn't going to see his family no more. I'll tell you what—they bring gambling to the Catskills, they're gonna have more broken marriages than have ever been seen in the courts of New York. But that won't be the end of it. Next thing you know, they'll have slots in the grocery stores. This thing is gonna hurt a lot of people. It's got to."

There's no telling whether John M.'s two nights at home will dwindle to none, whether his $7,500 stake will double, or if his daughter's car will be sold for cash. As you watch a school of salmon on their way upriver, you can't say which will make it to the spawning beds and which will die trying.

There are roughly two dozen players who filter in and out of the Millville poker game. Of these, John is probably a likelier survivor than most. He is likelier, for instance, than Nick M., who stays afloat on promises and pawned jewelry ("Loan me fifty, will you? The money's in the car"), and who admits openly that "if I owe an $800 car payment and I make $1,000 on a horse race, I'll bet the whole thing back on the next race... Anytime I've ever had a shot in life, I've thrown it away because of gambling." Nick will never change. He's the most likable guy in the world, but he'll never change. "I'll be in Atlantic City three or four nights a week," he says. "I'm not sick, I'm stupid."

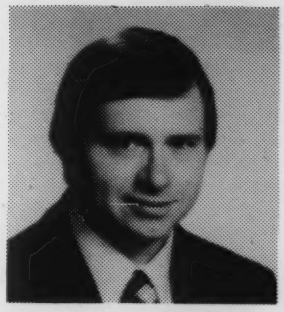
John has a better shot at survival than Rocky B., a high-stakes plunger who swears he'll "live" in Atlantic City. Rocky, if he likes the odds, will lay you a thousand as readily as a twenty. He's been down and back so often he's immune. But the proximity of the green felt is apt to prove too much. Then there's old Maxwell, a 78-year-old widowed pensioner who lives over the pool hall. A $5 bet, whether won or lost, will justify his day. He's a sad and lonely old man with no teeth and very little sense or money. But what little he has, he says, he'll take to "Paradise City, U.S.A." He may die there; he would want that.

But these men are all addicts. They have long since forsaken any chance of redemption. John M. is not yet in that company. He is only a gambler—heavy, but nonetheless still controlled. Nick and Rocky and old Maxwell will go to Atlantic City, often and, no doubt, unsuccessfully. The casinos could well bury what is left of their lives. But their choice was made long ago. If John M., with his wife and two children, his raised ranch and foreman's fortitude, cannot survive the proximity of casinos, there is a clear and present danger to all of us who have ever placed a bet large enough to matter.

"You take 60 million people," Malcolm R. predicts, "and overnight you give 'em a shot at something for nothing, and you dress it all up like some fuckin' Christmas tree, I guarantee you're gonna wind up with at least five million dead pigeons. People are dumb, you know what I mean?" ●

Advertisement

THE FASTEST GROWING CHURCH IN THE WORLD BY Brother Keith E. L'Hommedieu D.D.



It's quite safe to say that of all the organized religious sects on the current scene, one church in particular stands above all in its unique approach to religion. The Universal Life Church is the only organized church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine. In the words of Kirby J. Hensley, founder, "The ULC only believes in what is right, and that all people have the right to determine what beliefs are right for them, as long as they do not interfere with the rights of others."

Reverend Hensley is the leader of the worldwide Universal Life Church with a membership now exceeding 6.5 million ordained ministers of all religious beliefs. Reverend Hensley started the church in his garage by ordaining ministers for $1.00 by mail. During the 1960's, he traveled all across the country appearing at college rallies held in his honor where he would perform mass ordinations of thousands of people at a time. These new ministers were then exempt from being inducted into the armed forces during the undeclared Vietnam war.

In 1966 Reverend Hensley was fighting the establishment on another front. The I.R.S. tried to claim the ULC wasn't a legal church and proceeded to impound the ten thousand dollars in the church bank account. The feisty Hensley filed suit against the I.R.S. in federal district court for return of the funds and to permanently establish the ULC as a legal tax exempt entity. On March 1, 1974 Judge James F. Battin ruled against the I.R.S. in his decision which stated, "Neither this court or any branch of this government will consider the merits or fallacies of a religion. Nor will the court praise or condemn a religion. Were the court to do so, it would impinge upon the guarantees of the First Amendment." The judge then ordered the I.R.S. to return the impounded money and to grant the Universal Life Church its tax exempt status.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he believes a church is people and not just a fancy building. He also believes in total freedom and equality for all people. The ULC will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age.

The ULC's success formula is both effective and unquestionably legal. After a person has become an ordained minister, he or she can join with two other people and form their own Universal Life Church. These three people then make up the board of directors consisting of a Pastor, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The ULC will then grant the group the use of its legal church charter complete with both federal and state tax exempt numbers. The newly formed church may then open a bank account in the church's name. Any member of the church can legally donate up to 50% of his or her outside income to the church and take a corresponding tax deduction. The church in turn can pay the complete housing cost of its minister including rent or mortgage payment, insurance, taxes, furnishings and repairs. The church can also provide the minister with full use of an automobile as well as pay for travel and educational expenses. None of these expenses are reported as income to the I.R.S. Recently a whole town in Hardenburg, New York became Universal Life ministers and turned their homes into religious retreats and monasteries thereby relieving themselves of property taxes, at least until the state tries to figure out what to do.

Churches enjoy certain other tax benefits over the common man on the street. For instance, a church can legally buy and sell real estate or stocks and bonds completely tax free. It can receive tax free income from bank deposits or mortgages. Many churches own large publishing, recording, or other related businesses like hospitals, clinics and schools without paying any income tax.

A church can sponsor any kind of fund raising event such as a concert, play or even bingo. Churches are also exempt from paying inheritance taxes. When the pastor of the church dies, the board of directors simply appoints a new pastor and the church goes on.

Reverend Hensley has stated that he personally doesn't believe in the tax exempt status of churches. However, if the government is going to give a free ride to Billy Graham and the Pope, then why not let everybody participate in these blessings. Furthermore, he backs his words up by offering to defend in court any of his churches against an attack by a government agency.

Since the church was founded in 1962, it has attracted members who are movie and TV personalities, businessmen, government officials, lawyers, and doctors as well as all types of regular working people. During the last 15 years the Universal Life Church has blossomed into a full blown grass roots populace movement. Reverend Hensley claims to be ordaining a thousand new ministers a week and predicts that the church will have over 20,000,000 members by the early 1980's. In addition, requests for interviews and TV appearances continue to pour in.

Anyone who is a member of the ULC will tell you that the ULC is destined to change the world. By unifying mankind into a brotherhood of freedom orientated individuals, each respecting the other's right to live life as they see fit, the Universal Life Church hopes to put an end to all wars. Reverend Hensley admits that this is a pretty monumental task to accomplish, but he also points out that he is already well on the way to reaching his goal. Reverend Hensley invites anyone wishing to become a ULC minister to send a $5.00 tax deductible donation for the cause, to the Universal Life Church Monastery, P.O. Box 669 (NT), Aptos, CA., 95003.

(Editor's Note:
Brother L'Hommedieu is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Sacerdotal Order of the Universal Life and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Universal Life Church, Inc.)

Taxquake!

Political gadfly Howard Jarvis, the architect of the nation's most revolutionary tax reform measure, may be courting California's worst disaster to date—and he's enjoying every minute of it

by Arthur Zich

It runs only 389 words. It cost just $28,000—about one twentieth of the amount spent to get three previous similar initiatives on the California ballot. And in just 21 weeks of canvassing last year, supporters of California's Jarvis-Gann property tax initiative collected a record 1.3 million signatures—enough to nail the measure to the state's June 6 ballot with 800,000 signatures to spare, and prompt its self-satisfied, 75-year-old author, conservative Republican gadfly Howard Jarvis, to inquire exultantly, "Doesn't that maybe tell you something?"

It certainly ought to. Whatever else 1978 has in store, it will go down as the year of the Great American Tax Rebellion—the beginning of a new, nationwide Boston Tea Party. Massachusetts and Tennessee have already passed amendments to their constitutions putting ceilings on state spending. Michigan taxpayers are nearly past the halfway point collecting signatures to get a tax limitation amendment on their November ballot. The Colorado legislature has delivered up a spending limitation bill for the governor's signature. Indeed, according to the American Conservative Union—just one of a number of pan-political groups that have set up tax relief advisory task forces—tax reform amendments of one sort or another are currently being pushed in no fewer than 27 states. "The momentum," says a member of Ralph Nader's Tax Reform Research Group, "is reaching crisis proportions."

It is, of course, a crisis born of citizens' rage at ever-expanding government costs, ever-rising taxes to meet them and ever-diminishing government services. And it has turned the governmental eyes of the nation edgily toward the west. For nowhere else has the Tax Rebellion of '78 produced a fiercer furor, a more Draconian proposed solution, or a thornier thicket of tangled questions and answers than in that most populous and property-taxed of states, California.

Howard Arnold Jarvis could hardly be better cast for his role in the battle. A tough-talking, tougher-minded throwback to live-and-let-live *laissez faire*, Jarvis came to California from Utah in 1934 and promptly ran up a string of rugged individualist business successes. His private battle with big government began right after Pearl Harbor, when the War Department closed down one of his operations that was using latex rubber. He honed his political skills on the stump, managing the two Eisenhower campaigns in the Midwest and Richard Nixon's 1960 presidential bid in 14 western states. He later made a feisty but fruitless bid for the U.S. Senate, and has run unsuccessfully for the State Board of Equalization and mayor of Los Angeles—all posts Jarvis insists he wanted only as platforms for waging his continuing war against big government and for tax relief. Now, with the help of Paul Gann, a retired realtor from Sacramento, Jarvis has mounted his biggest battle to date. For the crux of the Jarvis-Gann initiative—officially labeled Proposition 13 on the ballot—goes not to spending limitations, as in other states, but to massive and immediate rollbacks in available state revenues. "This is the ordinary citizens' way to go on strike," Jarvis growls, "and tell the politicians that even if Proposition 13 creates chaos, the years of profligate spending have come to an end."

Jarvis' nemesis these days—the sponsor of Proposition 8, which vies with 13 on the ballot—is in many ways his opposite. Diffident, urbane, given to narrow lapels, repp ties and button-down shirts, liberal Republican State Senator Peter Behr, 63, is a graduate of Yale and Yale Law, the U.S. Navy and 11 years in Marin County government. In two terms in Sacramento, he has put his name on legislation ranging from the California Wild and Scenic Rivers Act to aid to autistic children to progressive tax reform. Neither snob nor cynic, Behr is an aristocrat with a healthy skepticism for the larger talents of his peers. "Plumb the waters of most of my colleagues' deepest thoughts," he has been heard to say, "and you'll not likely get your ankles wet."

Behr's proposition is essentially an enabling measure removing legal obstacles to his own tax relief legislation, known as Senate Bill 1, which has been signed into law by Governor Jerry Brown. To Behr, Jarvis-Gann is "a shot of fiscal heroin bringing on a very brief high followed by a deep and lasting depression." But Behr's own 27-page alternative is, in the main, a legal labyrinth of such bewildering complexities that the manager of one Northern California city, himself a lawyer, frankly admits, "I've read it over four times and still can't figure it out."

(According to an analysis by the State Democratic Caucus, the owner of a $70,000 house, who is paying $1,682.10 in property taxes under the current law, would pay only $672.84 under Jarvis-Gann, as opposed to $1,177.47 under Behr.)

Both measures are counting on a state budget surplus estimated at about $3 billion (Jarvis says it's closer to $6 billion) to help make up lost revenues. Only one of the initiatives can become law, and nothing less than the quality of California life and the fabric of progressive state government may very well hang in the balance. But the supreme irony is that whichever measure passes, it is the common citizen who figures to be the ultimate loser—and if he protests that outrage by boycotting the ballot, he will be right back where he started, without so much as the illusion of tax relief. As one long-time analyst puts it: "Proposition 8 or Proposition 13: It's like choosing between Scylla and Charybdis, with plague breaking out on the ship."

It is the rough and radical quality of Jarvis-Gann that makes the initiative such a darling of conservatives. "Send a message to Sacramento," Jarvis exhorts. "Tell 'em loud and clear, once and for all, that you're fed up with tax-eating politicians, government waste and inefficiency." The message, as Jarvis authored it, would roll back all property taxes—homeowners', apartment owners' and commercial owners' alike—to 1 percent of the assessed valuation as of fiscal 1975–1976, the year that Cali-

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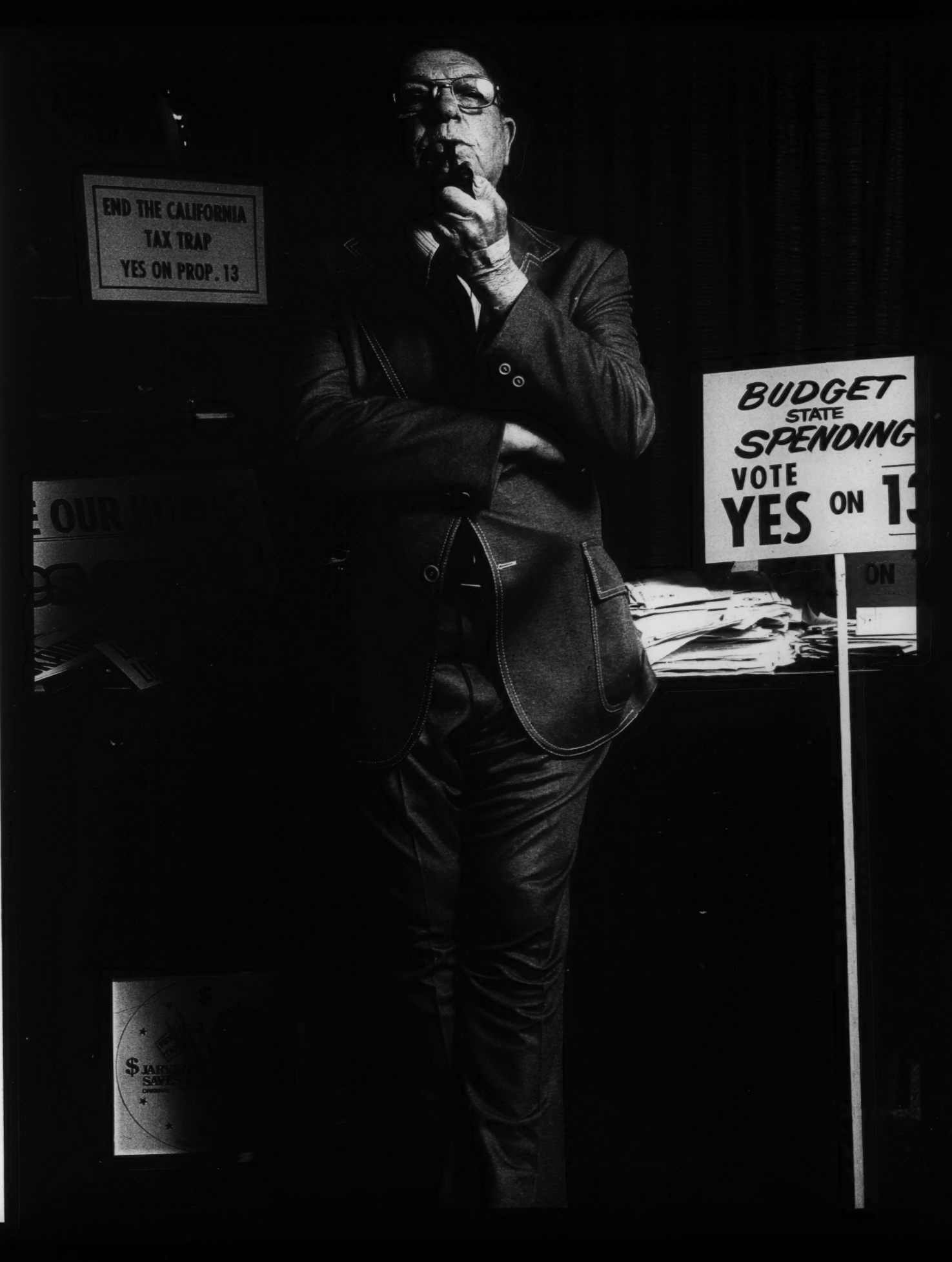
Arthur Zich last reported for New Times *on the controversy surrounding Redwood National Park.*

Photograph by Dorothy Tanous


END THE CALIFORNIA
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YES ON PROP. 13
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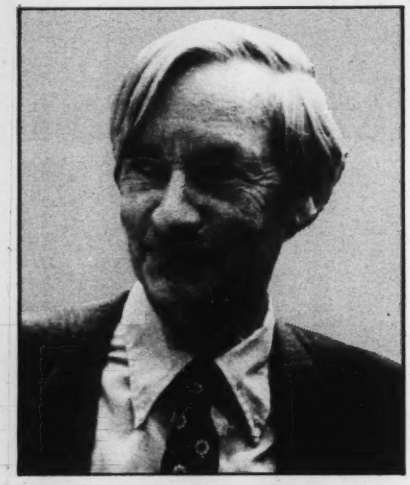
fornia's speculative housing boom began driving property values, and accompanying taxes, out of sight. In one fell swoop of the Jarvis axe, some $7 billion—60 percent—would be lopped off the estimated $12 billion Californians are expected to pay in property taxes this year.

That's just for openers. The measure would further forbid any new property taxes, and would limit tax increases on existing property to 2 percent a year so long as the property stayed in the same hands (if it changed hands, it would be reassessed at the current, inflated market value, but the 2 percent annual increase ceiling would remain). Renters, who make up 45 percent of the state's households, would receive no direct benefits, but Jarvis promises that apartment owners would reduce rents commensurate with their tax savings. No new taxes making up lost revenues could be approved without a two-thirds vote of both houses of the legislature, or, at the local level, two-thirds vote of all "qualified electors." In short, the measure has teeth.

It is a testimonial to the ferocious populist sentiment behind Jarvis-Gann that the initiative has consistently led in the polls despite an almost total absence of organized support—and a determined, if hamstrung, professional campaign against it. The initiative has drawn the backing of the State Farm Bureau and most of California's 185,000 apartment owners. It has also won the blessings of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* (the only major pro-13 paper in the state), former Los Angeles police chief Ed Davis, now a candidate for the GOP gubernatorial nomination, plus UCLA economist Neil Jacoby and Stanford's Hoover Institution Nobel laureate in economics, Milton Friedman. "If government has $7 billion less to spend, the public will have $7 billion more to spend and will spend it more wisely," Friedman argues. "Any businessman who comes out against Jarvis-Gann is absolutely insane."

By that measure, a surprising number of California's captains of capitalism are crackers. A. W. Clausen, chairman of the Bank of America, was a staunch early opponent of Jarvis-Gann. The California Roundtable, an organization of 80 major banking and business firms, has come out against it, along with any number of organizations representing teachers, firemen, policemen and other threatened municipal employees. So too has an unlikely quartet: the AFL-CIO, the League of Women Voters, the Communist Party and Governor Brown. ("The Gang of Four!" hoots Jarvis. "That's the strangest combination that ever climbed in the same waterbed!")

Remarkably, Pacific Telephone, believed to be the state's largest single property owner, has come out against it



Behr: Looking out for No. 8

too. With holdings of approximately $8.2 billion, Pacific Tel would figure to save a whopping $130 million a year if Jarvis-Gann passed. But the big firm is unequivocal. "The initiative has grown out of legitimate frustrations of California taxpayers," Pacific Tel president Ted Saenger reasons. "But we fear that it might well create a different set of problems entirely."

The problems, Jarvis-Gann critics maintain, are monumental. Businessmen fear massive increases in state sales, personal income and bank and business taxes to offset lost revenues (according to Assemblyman Willie Brown's Revenue and Taxation Committee, replacement of $7 billion, evenly apportioned over existing revenue sources other than property taxes, would require increasing the sales tax from 6 percent to more than 8 percent, the bank and business tax from 9 percent to over 18 percent, and the average state personal income tax to more than 36 percent). Bank of America worries about the state's credit rating and points out that Jarvis-Gann would prohibit repayment of certain outstanding bond issues through property taxes, as is now being done, without offering substitute revenues. And along with all these concerns, Behr especially fears the absence of mandatory renter relief. "Asking a landlord to deliver a tax saving to his tenant," he says, "is like asking a rabbit to deliver lettuce to a friend."

According to Behr, Jarvis-Gann is "a shot of fiscal heroin bringing on a very brief high, followed by a deep and lasting depression"

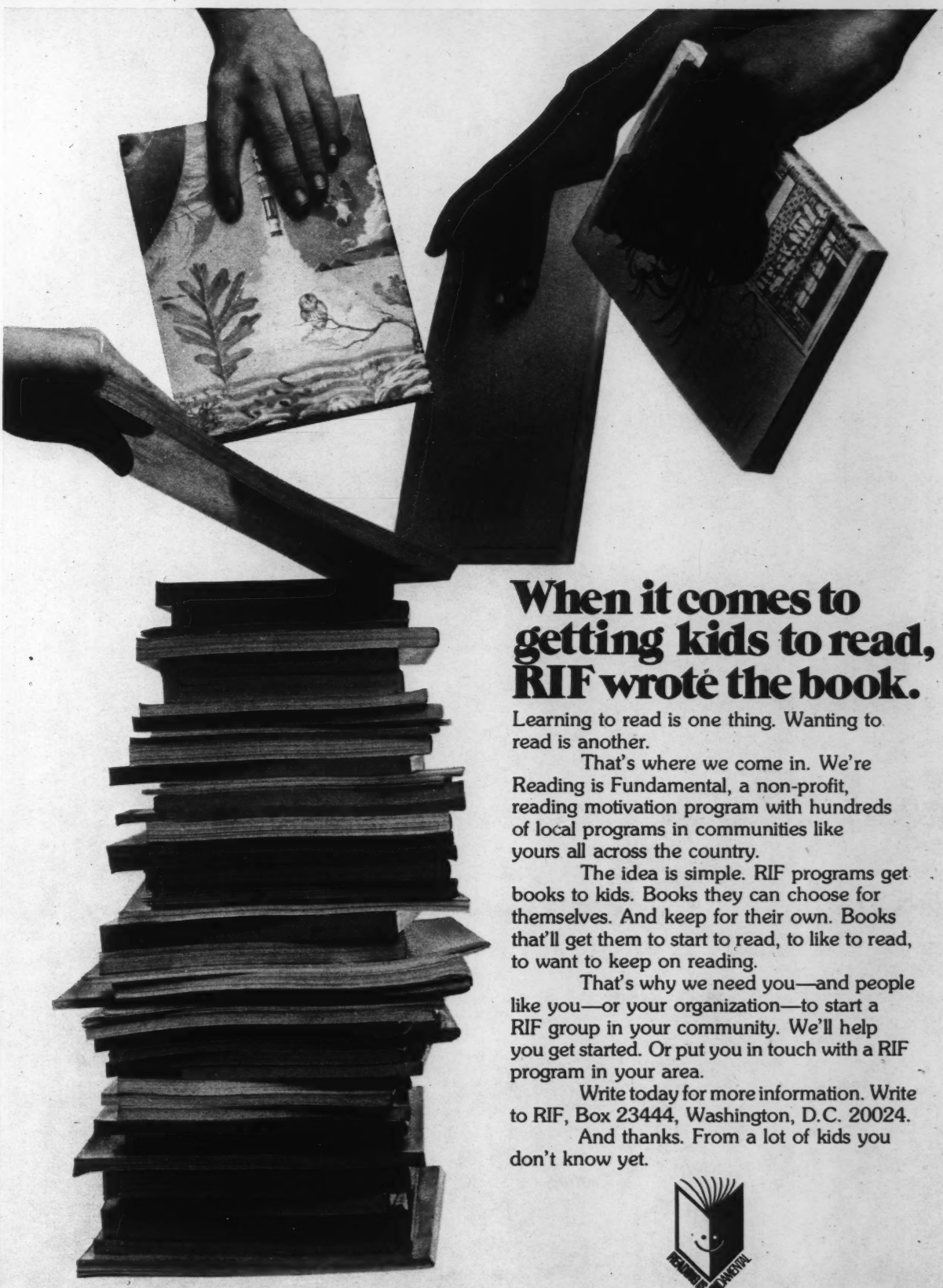
The measure would almost certainly be challenged in the courts. Professor Sho Sato of the University of California's Boalt Law School questions its constitutionality on grounds of both vagueness and inequity. For example, does the term "qualified elector," Sato asks, refer to all registered voters (as Jarvis maintains), or simply to the people who turn out to vote (as Gann insists). The inequities, he suggests, are twofold. First, since reassessment would occur only when property changed ownership, two dwellings standing side by side with identical real market value could well end up bearing vastly different tax burdens. Second, in California's highly transient society, private homes on average turn over once every seven years—far more frequently than commercial properties. The result would be a gradual shift that would place an ever-higher percentage of the total property tax on homeowners' shoulders.

But the main concern of all Jarvis-Gann critics is that the angry taxpayers' message is being posted to the wrong address. California property taxes go not to Sacramento politicians but to city and county governments and special districts for local services. As one angry San Mateo County supervisor puts it, "Jarvis-Gann simply kicks the wrong ass." Tax distribution varies with each locale, but "alternate" budgets are being drawn up all over the state—and the results give every appearance of incipient chaos. What's more, Governor Jerry Brown has repeatedly warned local officialdom not to come looking for a "sugar daddy" in Sacramento to bail them out if Jarvis-Gann passes.

It seems certain they'll need something. California's nonpartisan legislative analyst William Hamm foresees an immediate dampening of economic activity statewide plus an increase in unemployment from 7.4 percent to 10 percent—with upwards of $1 billion in additional unemployment expenditures as a result. According to Wilson Riles, the state superintendent of public instruction, San Francisco would lose $80 million of its $186 million education budget. The city's Bureau of Budget expects it may have to fire 5,500 permanent workers, cut fire and police department budgets by one third, close the city's branch libraries and slash all funds traditionally earmarked for San Francisco's museums, opera, symphony and ballet. Worries one Pacific Heights patron of the arts: "The qualities of life that have made this city civilized could simply cease to be."

And Los Angeles may be even harder hit. The county anticipates closing six police stations, 56 of its 129 fire stations and all of the fire department's paramedic units. An estimated 37,000 county

PHOTOGRAPH/WIDE WORLD



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employees might lose their jobs, including thousands of firemen, policemen and teachers. Says a furious and frightened L.A. fireman: "We'll be hanging signs on the station-house doors saying, 'Closed. In case of fire, call Howard Jarvis.'"

Howard Jarvis was wedged behind, and peeping over, a broad cluttered desk in the small walnut-paneled office that serves as the headquarters for the Apartment Association of Los Angeles County that he heads. (Jarvis insists he owns no apartment buildings himself.) Sitting there, decked out in gray plaid sport coat, soft gray slacks and spit-shine loafers, he looked fully 20 years younger than his age. And when he spoke—a hoarse, between-us-cousins whisper that soared to airhorn volume and the pace of a tobacco auctioneer—he seemed ten years younger than that.

"The big thing is our view on what the goddamn property tax should be," Jarvis explained. "Property taxes should pay for property-related services *only*. They should not be made to pay for schools and nursing homes and what not. These things should be paid for by everybody." He waxed expansive: "Everybody uses the sewer system. Everybody should pay for it!"

He was, I found, nothing if not direct. Pointing out that state figures showed 65 percent of all property tax is paid by commercial owners and only 35 percent by homeowners, I inquired if Jarvis-Gann didn't therefore primarily benefit landlords. "Bullshit," Jarvis replied. "The Supreme Court of the United States has said that if you rent an apartment and I own my own home, you're a resident and so am I. You pay all the taxes I do through your rent. So when you take the 11.5 million tenants who live in apartment houses in California and put them over on the residents' side, then the goddamn figure goes to 65 percent residents and 35 percent business—so it's the residents who profit most from 13."

But surely, there's no way you can enforce your promise of rent reductions. "Bullshit," Jarvis replied. "There are stinkers in this business just as in any other. But I've told the goddamn apartment owners that there'll either be rent reductions or I'm gonna stick them with rent controls. And believe me, I have got the balls to do it."

I mentioned the alleged vagueness. "Bullshit," Jarvis responded. "I wrote the initiative myself and took it to the finest legal minds I could find, including the California Legislative Council. The term 'qualified elector,' embedded in government since America began, means 'registered voter.'"

But the possible inequities? "Bullshit," Jarvis repeated. "Under present law, *all* taxes are raised because of the high prices of the houses being sold. Under Jarvis-Gann, the buyer signifies his willingness to accept a higher valuation by putting down his dough—and *you* don't get penalized because your neighbor sells his house."

Loss of services? "Bullshit," Jarvis declared. "Those are scare tactics from them tax-eating politicians. There may be some tremors; I hope there are. That's what this is for. But there'll be no loss of essential services and no financial problems. They're sitting up there on a goddamn surplus of $6 billion, and it's going up at $40 million a month. The question isn't how they're gonna get the money; it's how they're gonna save it."

Okay, if 13 passes, what will be the fallout? "Let me say this," Jarvis replied. "If 13 passes, there'll be no increase in property taxes and there'll be a substantial cut for everyone, including renters. If 13 fails, we'll get major property tax increases which will increase rents and . . ."

He interrupted the prognosis to take a phone call from his wife, berated her briefly for a tactical campaign slip-up, and then, assuaged, winked broadly. "Okay, sweetheart, I won't divorce you," he barked jovially into the phone. "I'm glad you're making these little booboos." But it was clear that he wasn't glad, that too much effort and too many years had gone into bringing his commitments—whatever outsiders thought of them—to their current point. "Yeah," he went on, "we gotta go to another goddamn dinner, sweetheart. So have yer best bib and tucker on, will ya? And I miss ya. G'bye." The old campaigner put down the phone and shook his head. "Masonic Lodge in Hollywood at 6:30," he said wearily. "I been to so goddamn many dinners I can't look at another one."

A number of Sacramento legislators, including Democratic Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy, an ardent Jarvis-

Aftershocks

The same antigovernment, "era of limits" rhetoric that made Jerry Brown so popular with California voters is turning on its creator. Playing even more effectively on the public's hatred for politicians and bureaucrats, Howard Jarvis is backing the governor against the wall, forcing him to look like an Establishment candidate.

As a Democrat highly dependent on minority, labor and liberal support, Brown has had little choice but to lead the fight against the increasingly popular Proposition 13. This role might put the governor in a bad light with a lot of white suburban voters—something his advisers want to prevent.

"Thirteen is the wild card in the election deck," says Brown campaign manager Gray Davis. "It can create problems or opportunities for Jerry—it depends on how he copes with it."

Meanwhile, 13 is bringing glee to California's long-languishing Republicans. If it passes, they believe, Brown will face a situation similar to the one that made New York City's Abe Beame a former mayor—an inability to satisfy the needs of his fundamental constituency. Even if he survives this November, 13 could prove fatal in Jerry's not-so-secret war with Jimmy Carter.

"They're going to have to say no to all their little special interest groups," gloats John Kerns, a high-ranking Republican Assembly staffer. "Brown can't go into a presidential election if Jarvis passes. How can he say he's done all those things for interest groups with Jarvis blocking the way?"

But before they start dancing in the streets, Republicans should think about what the Jarvis issue is doing to their own gubernatorial chances. Their most attractive candidate, Ken Maddy, is opposing the initiative, a position which hardly improves his chances for victory. On the other hand, Jarvis' endorsement of "Crazy Ed" Davis, possibly the worst potential GOP standard-bearer since the Senate candidacy of Max Rafferty, could be decisive. Polls show Davis lapping up the most intensely pro-Jarvis voters. "Those people are going to come out of the woodwork for this," says one political analyst, "and they could put Ed over."

Gubernatorial hopeful Evelle Younger's support of 13 came late and without great enthusiasm. "He had to do it to stay in the race," one Republican admitted. "And anyway, if it passes, he'll have to defend it in court as attorney general."

The Brown people cling to the somewhat forlorn hope that the voters will come to their senses at the last moment. "They might want to give government a kick in the ass," said Tom Quinn, Brown's leading political strategist, "but do they want to see kids starving in the streets? If the people see the alternative, I bet they'd support the welfare state."

Perhaps. But as one discouraged anti-13 campaigner moaned: "I don't think the voters have ever had a chance to walk into the privacy of a voting booth and, with one punch of their ticket, say 'To hell with it' and vote themselves a trip to Hawaii."

—Joel Kotkin and Paul Grabowicz

Gann opponent, like to claim that their competitive initiative, Proposition 8, sprang full-blown from their own responsiveness to taxpayer distress. Howard Jarvis would have a word for that notion.

In its original incarnation, Proposition 8-Senate Bill 1 (then labeled SB 1375) died in the Assembly Policy Committee more than three years ago. Senator Behr, its author, revived it at the start of the next and current session, watched it languish in committee for two years, and would likely have seen it go down stillborn again had it not been for Jarvis-Gann. "Everybody was jerky," Behr declares. "Jarvis-Gann had qualified; my bill was the single remaining alternative—and so it started to move. Oh, I helped it along. I said to my colleagues, 'Look, for God's sake, the little mother's pregnant. Let the baby be born!'"

It proved a painful delivery nonetheless. The bill kicked around the Assembly again, moved back to the Senate, where it took a few more knocks, squeaked through by a single vote and finally went to the governor—more by default than acclaim—for signature. "Now," said Brown, like Yamashita on the deck of the *Missouri*, "we've got to go to war."

Given its gestation, it's a wonder the bill is as good as it is. All told, SB 1 would cost $1.4 billion, would be financed from the ongoing state surplus and, with some belt tightening but no real upheaval, could be implemented without loss of essential services. What it proposes is an across-the-board 30 percent property tax rollback, based on 1977–78 valuations, for homeowners only. It would also provide a small increase in renters' income tax credit ($37 to $75) and expanded tax relief for senior citizens (up to a household income of $13,000), and the state would take over county welfare and Medi-Cal costs. But the most important—and misunderstood—portion of the bill is a provision that would let homeowners be taxed at a lower rate than commercial property owners (a scheme, hitherto unknown in California, known as "split roll") and would tie local budget increases to the GNP Deflator Index, a measure of government's own rising costs currently pegged at 6.25 percent. In effect, while Jarvis-Gann limits the rate of property tax increases, the Behr bill limits government spending.

Says a furious L.A. fireman: "We'll be hanging signs on the station house doors saying, 'Closed. In case of fire, call Howard Jarvis'"

The bill has deficiencies. It can, as Jarvis points out, be repealed "twenty minutes after it passes." It may well, as Jarvis loudly insists, lead to still larger tax increases down the road. The renters' credit, as Gann delights in pointing out, amounts to a meager $3 a month (though Gann fails to mention his own initiative doesn't even guarantee that). But the bottom line for homeowners is their bank balances, and the Behr bill provides a considerably smaller windfall in that department than 13 does.

Some 1,000 taxpayers turned out a few weeks ago to hear the two sides square off in debate at a high school in South San Francisco, a largely blue-collar, home-owning community which proudly bills itself "The Industrial City." Toyotas and Datsuns jammed the parking lot. The bumper stickers read: "Yes on 13–Another Angry Taxpayer"; "How Do You Spell Relief? Prop. 13"; "Stamp Out Triskaidekaphobia (Fear of 13)." Inside the high-ceilinged, cantilevered auditorium that property taxes had paid for, Paul Gann and the San Mateo County chairman for the Yes On 13 Committee spoke for their side; Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy and Behr himself attempted to reason the other—and from the taunts and jeers that greeted them it was clear which proposition the audience favored.

When Behr offered up a list of percentage differentiations, a man in the audience shouted, "Percentages don't buy my groceries." "I understand that you are emotionally attached to 13," Behr commiserated. "We're emotionally attached to the dollar bill!" the man cried. The audience burst into prolonged applause. McCarthy took his turn. "If you want us to act with fiscal prudence..." he began. "Step outside," someone else shouted. "I'll give you some *fistal* prudence." The audience whistled, laughed and cheered.

Then Gann, in warm, thin-lipped, avuncular tones, addressed the questions of renter relief and public employee layoffs. "I think if we're being asked to have a little faith in our legislators, we ought to be able to have a little faith in our landlords," he said. The crowd actually cheered. "What bothers me," he went on, "and we get it everywhere we go, is that these people seem to feel that there's only one job: Either they work for the government or they go on welfare." The applause lasted 13 seconds. "There was a time," Gann continued, "before the government got in the business of hiring everybody, that there was a thing known as private enterprise." This time the roar of applause was even longer. Gann smiled without parting his lips, and the overhead lights glinted off his spectacles like stars.

Jarvis and Gann confidently predict 65 percent of the vote come June 6. Behr calls the race "very close"; McCarthy insists it's still "50-50." The high-priced and high-powered Los Angeles campaign management firm of Winner/Wagner & Associates has signed on to direct the statewide drive against 13 (the campaign will cost about $1 million—$350,000 for TV spots over the final six weeks), and the firm's track record is impressive: In three years, Winner/Wagner has managed 25 campaigns and won 23 of them. But the campaign got underway late; the simplistic pocketbook appeal of Proposition 13 has been difficult to counter; and contributions were woefully slow at the start, when they were needed most.

"We don't take on a campaign unless we believe in it," says Charles Winner. "But frankly, this time I think we're going to get beat."

And if Jarvis-Gann did become law, what then? Would Governor Brown relent and release the surplus to ease local governments over the profound difficulties that seem certain to lie in store? Would the legislature ram a new initiative onto the November ballot limiting 13's effects to homeowners alone? Would an effort be made to pass new taxation measures providing replacement revenues?

The questions seemed incongruous on the steps of the old Templeton Crocker mansion in Hillsborough, where the anti-13 forces had just addressed a conference of the Northern San Mateo Council of Cities. Sunlight was dappling through the sprawling California oaks shading the grounds; the soft *thwock* of tennis balls sounded on the grass court beyond the curving drive, which was lined with Mercedes, not Toyotas. Reflections on chaos had no place amid such serene permanence.

Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy drew a polished boot across the old stone step, thought a moment and said crisply, "I doubt very much that the governor would release the surplus. Personally, I would not support any initiative limiting 13's relief to homeowners. The legislature will not pass new taxation: I think any effort to do so would be interpreted by the electorate as arrogance. You must understand: Passage of 13 would, in my view, reflect the people's will. We would just have to wait and see how things unraveled."

"If I understand you correctly," I said,"Sacramento will let the electorate get a bellyful of 13's effects."

McCarthy grinned—a hard, streetwise, you-asked-for-it-baby grin. "Of course," he said, "I wouldn't put it in those terms." ●

The Herpes Epidemic

America's fastest-growing venereal disease frustrates doctors and condemns its victims to guilt without sex

by Jean Callahan

A herpes virus magnified 47,500 times

One morning in 1973, John W., a young construction worker in Baltimore, woke up to discover some ugly red sores on his penis. At first he didn't pay much attention to them; he just used a little Vaseline to soothe the pain. "They started out as tiny blisters, there was some itching, and I experienced severe pain on intercourse," he recalls. Eventually the lesions went away, only to return again . . . And again.

John saw a number of doctors, none of whom seemed to know what to do. "They'd give me ointments and tell me to use condoms. They said I should use lubricants when I had intercourse, because they thought the friction might be causing the sores. They said it might be nerves—one doctor gave me Valium."

John's condition was finally diagnosed as herpes simplex virus type 2, an ancient venereal disease whose symptoms sound like an outtake from *I, Claudius*, and which has been enjoying something of a revival since the mid-sixties. John's case was not unusual. The blistering lesions were painful, but not unbearably so; the most frustrating thing about the disease was that he couldn't shake it.

"After a while," John remembers, "one doctor even suggested a skin graft. I was about to go crazy. I was getting a new batch of lesions every day. Then I gave it to the girl I was going with at the time. That was my worst mistake."

Venereal disease didn't help an already failing relationship, and John's girlfriend broke up with him shortly after he infected her. She's been gone a long time now; John still has herpes.

Jean Callahan is a free-lance writer based in Washington, D.C.

In the next year, as many as 10 million Americans will suffer their first cold sore and 300,000 adults will develop painful, blistering genital lesions; all will be victims of a perplexing and very infectious disease, the herpesvirus. The herpes family consists of over 50 different members, but types 1 and 2 are the most aggravatingly familiar. HSV1, which infects the upper part of the body, produces cold sores on the lips and in the mouth, an occasional eye infection and—though rarely—cases of encephalitis. Herpes keratitis, an eye infection that may be contracted by rubbing the eyes after touching a herpes sore on another part of the body, is one of the leading cause of blindness among young adults in the U.S. And herpes encephalitis strikes several thousand Americans each year, killing 70 percent of its victims and debilitating the rest.

In men, HSV2 (or genital herpes) appears as a series of painful, fluid-filled blisters on the skin of the penis. In women, the lesions are usually internal—within the vagina or on the surface of the cervix—although they can also appear externally on or around the labia. In either sex, there can be uncomfortable blistering over the skin of the thighs, buttocks and pubic area. Some people also suffer from fever, enlarged lymph nodes (particularly in the groin area) and a general malaise akin to flu. Nearly 5 percent of those infected by HSV2 require hospitalization. Both herpes simplex virus types 1 and 2 are transmitted through person-to-person contact. HSV2 is transmitted through intercourse, even when the infecting partner (the carrier) has no sign of genital lesions.

Ever since the Roman Emperor Tiberius tried to quell a herpes epidemic 2,000 years ago by outlawing kissing in public places, the disease has plagued the human race. The federal government does not require doctors to report cases of herpes, but sample statistics gathered by the Center for Disease Control suggest that the virus has once again reached epidemic proportions. Herpes simplex type 1 is so widespread that nearly half of the U.S. population has been affected at one time or another. Moreover, some 35 percent of U.S. adults have been infected (usually without manifesting the symptoms) by herpes virus type 2. This venereal disease now affects many more Americans than syphilis, and is beginning to challenge gonorrhea as the most dreaded sexually transmitted disease of our times. Dr. King Holmes, a noted V.D. researcher at the University of Washington, estimates that as many as 53 million Americans suffer from venereal herpes today; and most experts concur that the spread of the disease is rising.

Dr. Robert Stolar, a Washington, D.C., dermatologist, blames sexual mores for the herpes epidemic. "I'm seeing more cases of herpes than I did ten years ago," he says. "At least a couple come in every day. The only reason I can imagine for this is freer intimate contact in today's society. The girls tell me they are less discriminating than they used to be about choosing partners for sex."

An assumed increase in the popularity of oral sex has been used to explain doctors' reports of HSV1 infections on the genitalia, and HSV2 viruses in facial cold sores. Some scientists say that as a result of this socially stimulated transfer, the difference between the two

Photograph by Martin M. Rotker/Taurus Photos

forms of herpes is becoming less distinct.

The viruses of love—as herpes are called—puzzle doctors and frustrate victims because, not unlike love, there is no remedy for herpes except time. Within one week to one month—even without treatment—the first lesions dry up, crust over and finally disappear. But that's not the end of the infection. The virus seems to linger in the body, sometimes for years, and without warning can suddenly multiply, causing a recurrence of the blisters. By the same token, people who've never had a cold sore in their life can suddenly come down with a case of HSV1 or HSV2, experience repeated attacks of the disease for years and then never get it again.

Dr. Michael Mardiney Jr., former head of Baltimore's Cancer Research center, which is part of the National Cancer Institute's immunology and cell biology section, describes the herpesvirus as "waging a guerrilla warfare on the system. When the lesions dry up, the virus retreats to the cells of the nervous system, where it hides until stress or some other factor brings on another attack."

Almost any form of stress can precipitate a relapse. Something as trivial as a traffic ticket—or as pleasant as an hour of lovemaking—can trigger the whole frustrating process. Stress may even determine who gets herpes and who is spared. Jenny G. was in the middle of a sour affair when she contracted HSV2. "I lumped the two of them together, the herpes and the guy," she says. "It was quite uncomfortable. It hurt to have sex, and there was an awful burning with urination. I kept thinking to myself, my body's screwed up and it's because of sex and I hate men. When I broke up with that guy, the herpes went away. I think it had a lot to do with attitude—that was an unhappy period of my life."

Martha W. confirms the connection: "I was living with someone and I knew my lover was having an affair. Nothing was ever mentioned—I just knew. The *next* thing I knew was that I had *some* kind of venereal disease. I expected the worst—it never occurred to me that I had herpes, I'd never had anything like it. But I *did* figure out that I had gotten the disease from my lover, who must have been a carrier—because *he* didn't have it, and *I* wasn't sleeping with anyone else. To make a long story short, I went to the gynecologist, he told me it was herpes and there was nothing I could do. So I lived in agony for about a week. My lover and I had a reconciliation, and the herpes gradually went away. I was still angry with him, blamed him. But our life improved and I never got herpes again."

Jenny hasn't had a recurrence of the disease in five years, but when the infection was at its height, she spent over $250 on doctor's fees and medications, none of which seemed to do much good. Martha had similarly frustrating experiences with her doctor. "I kept calling him and saying, 'You've got to give me something, I'm going nuts.' And all he'd say was to try and relax. So I tried everything: anesthetic creams, Vitamin E ointment, Vitamin D ointment, talcum powder, ice cubes, Valium. Actually, the thing that made me feel best was going to dinner at a friend's, drinking wine, eating a terrific meal and just enjoying myself . . . I forgot to itch, I guess."

In the last few years, herpes has been linked to a far more virulent disease—cervical cancer

There is no cure for herpes. The National Institutes of Health in Washington, D.C., gets dozens of calls each day from people volunteering to participate in research projects, frustrated herpes sufferers willing to try almost anything to stop the awful burning and itching. "If there was a cure," says Dr. William Knaus of George Washington University, "everyone would be using it. Everyone is using something different; that means nobody knows what works."

"The trouble with all herpes treatments," says Dr. Mervyn Elgart, professor of dermatology at George Washington University, "is that generally it's a self-limiting disease. In a few days, no matter what you do, the blisters will go away, and it's impossible to tell if you've prevented any. Nothing really works."

The upshot of all this is that herpes sufferers pay for what is essentially a placebo. Some physicians administer injections of smallpox vaccine, polio vaccine or a German vaccine called Lupidon-C, a suspected carcinogen. But, again, there is no proof that the injections work, and there is controversy about their potential side-effects.

Topical agents such as alcohol, ether, chloroform or Betadine are frequently prescribed; with repeated applications the agents supposedly dry up the lesions. However, Dr. Elgart doubts that any of these agents actually work, and he is especially concerned about doctors who prescribe ether for home use. "Ether is highly explosive," Elgart explains. "I'm afraid some idiot's going to light up a cigarette while applying the stuff and blow himself up." Preliminary results of a study at the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta indicate that ether or a placebo work equally well in clearing up herpes lesions.

Until recently, one of the most widely-used treatments for herpes was dye-light therapy. Genital lesions were painted with a red dye and then exposed to fluorescent light. Dye-light therapy eventually kills the viruses; but hamsters injected with dead herpesviruses develop tumors, and some experts think dead herpesviruses may be even more dangerous than live ones. The technique is seldom used any more.

The new favorite seems to be Idoxuridine (IDU), an antiviral drug designed to prevent herpes' replication. The problem is, IDU won't work unless it's applied *before* the virus appears, and many people don't recognize the tingling sensations that precede the development of lesions. Even then, it's rarely successful. IDU is still being tested by drug companies at the insistence of the FDA, and while it is much in use for cold sores and genital lesions, it has only been approved for use in cases of herpes keratitis, the eye infection.

New cures are constantly being heralded—everything from seaweed extracts to freon sprays to burning the lesions with an electrical current. But at best, herpes sufferers are encouraged to try whatever makes them comfortable.

Traditionally, doctors have not been overly concerned with herpes simplex virus because while distressing, the disease has not been considered a matter of life and death. And until recently medical researchers have paid the virus scant attention. In the last few years, however, herpes has been discovered to pose several very serious problems for female sufferers. Women whose genital lesions are active at childbirth, for example, stand as high as a 1-in-2 chance of giving birth to a stillborn or deformed child. Dr. Andre Nahmias of the Emory University School of Medicine, who is studying the effects of herpes during pregnancy, suggests that pregnant women with a history of HSV2 get frequent PAP tests as delivery time approaches and, if careful monitoring confirms suspicions that the herpes are active, he recommends a Caesarean.

Furthermore, in the last few years HSV2 has been linked to a far more virulent disease, cervical cancer, the second most common type of genital cancer in females, which attacks an estimated 20,000 women each year and kills 7,000. And, researchers say, women who suffer from HSV2 are five times more likely to develop cervical cancer.

Probably the first physician to suggest a venereal connection to cervical cancer was Dr. H.N. Vineberg, a New York City gynecologist. In 1905, Dr. Vineberg diagnosed a maligant tumor in the cervix of a patient named Mrs. Rosen. This diagnosis surprised him because, in his experience, Jewish women seldom contracted cervical cancer. Dr. Vineberg

determined that cancer of the cervix was 20 times more likely to occur in non-Jewish than Jewish women; and he attributed his finding to genetic factors, religious dietary restrictions and the Jewish tradition of abstaining from sex during menstruation.

Dr. Vineberg's findings perplexed the medical establishment until 1936, when Dr. A.S. Handley, after five years of research, essentially corroborated Vineberg's hypothesis by reporting that Moslem women in the Fiji Islands had fewer cases of cervical cancer than Hindu women. Handley's guess was that the practice of circumcision, shared by Jews and Moslems, explained both his and Vineberg's discoveries.

By 1966, extensive comparative studies of nuns in Atlanta, prostitutes in London, and thousands of cancer victims had added considerable weight to the theory that cancer can be linked to sexual activity: Prostitutes, it was found, ran a greater risk of developing cervical cancer than nuns; women whose sexual initiation had come at a relatively early age, and who then went on to a series of different sexual partners, developed tumors more often than women who did not. So researchers began looking into the possibility that a cancer-provoking virus could be transmitted from the man to the woman during sexual intercourse.

Dr. Irving I. Kessler, chairman of the department of epidemiology at the University of Maryland's medical school, has been working for several years to clarify the venereal factor in cervical cancer. Kessler has tested several thousand women to date, and his studies lead him to believe that some men can pass on the risk of cervical cancer to certain susceptible women. Dr. Kessler found that women who have been/or are married to widowers or divorcés whose former wives had cervical cancer have a chance, three to four times higher than normal, of developing cervical cancer.

"In every study done," says Dr. Kessler, "the cancer has followed a venereal pattern. The association between sexual intercourse and cervical cancer is as well documented as that between cholesterol and heart disease, if not better."

Dr. Kessler intends to expand his research to see if HSV2 might be isolated as a necessary venereal factor in cervical cancer, but Kessler, and other scientists pursuing this hypothesis, must prove at least three things: 1) The virus must be capable of producing tumors in animals; 2) Antigens that stimulate the production of antibodies specific to HSV2 must be found on the human tumor or in the bloodstream; and 3) The virus itself must be found in the tumor.

In the late 1960s, Dr. Andre Nahmias reported that women with cervical cancer had higher frequencies of antibodies

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to HSV2 than other women. Shortly thereafter, Dr. Laure Aurelian of Johns Hopkins University and Dr. Ariel Hollinshead of George Washington University independently isolated herpes-induced antibodies to antigens in the blood of women with cervical cancer. Having tested 560 patients since 1972, Dr. Aurelian found an antibody to an HSV2-specific antigen in the blood of 79 percent of the subjects with invasive cervical cancer. The presence of the antibody to this antigen appears to correlate with the extent of the disease: Aurelian found less of the antigen in patients with earlier symptoms; and the antigen does not appear to be present in women who have been treated and remain free of clinical symptoms.

"These studies prove that the virus [HSV2] plays an active role in tumor growth and a causative role in cervical cancer," Dr. Aurelian says. Aurelian anticipates the use of her blood test along with the Pap smear for diagnosing cervical cancer. She suggests that her test could be a valuable prognostic tool, because if the antigen appears in the bloodstream, a recurrence of the cancer may be indicated. Furthermore, Dr. Hollingshead also identified her antibody in the blood of patients with head and neck tumors, a particularly interesting discovery in light of HSV1 patterns.

Despite these successes, important clues in the herpes-cancer puzzle are still missing. In experiments with female monkeys, repeated injections of HSV2 into their cervixes have not resulted in any malignant damage. The third and most important requirement—finding the actual virus in human tumors—has only been fulfilled once, in 1972, when Dr. Aurelian, working with small sections of an early human cervical cancer, successfully cultured HSV2 from the tumor. No one has been able to repeat her success.

At the moment, the connection between herpes and cancer is still tenuous. Some experts believe the evidence is circumstantial; some see a link but worry that proving it will be impossible. Other scientists insist that studying herpes and seeking a cure for that virus (or viruses) still has major significance in the search for a cure for other viruses, possibly including those carcinogenic. "Finding a cure for herpes," says Dr. Mardiney, "is like spaghetti sauce. Once you know how to make it, you can use it for a lot of things." If so, a herpes cure could lead to a cancer cure.

Even if researchers can somehow manage to complete the chain of evidence and verify the HSV2-cancer connection, it will not necessarily tell the whole story. Cancer also involves a failure of the body' immunity system, but in a recently completed two-year study of chronic herpes sufferers, Dr. Mardiney discovered no immunological deficiences in his subjects.

"Most of the same problems were there when we started work on a polio vaccine," recalls noted viral researcher Dr. Joseph Melnick of Baylor College of Medicine. "We don't know enough about herpes today to exclude any form of treatment."

Despite the difficulty of their task, medical researchers continue to hope for a triumph over herpes. Recently Dr. Charles Alford of the University of Alabama discovered a drug called Ara-A. Ara-A has been shown to decrease mortality from herpes encephalitis from 70 percent to 27 percent, and is also being given to cancer patients who are immuno-suppressed and can't fight off viruses.

So until scientists come up with more conclusive research results, herpes victims will have to live with this painful, frustrating virus, and women who contract HSV2 will have to wait to learn more about the possible risks in childbirth and connections to cervical cancer.

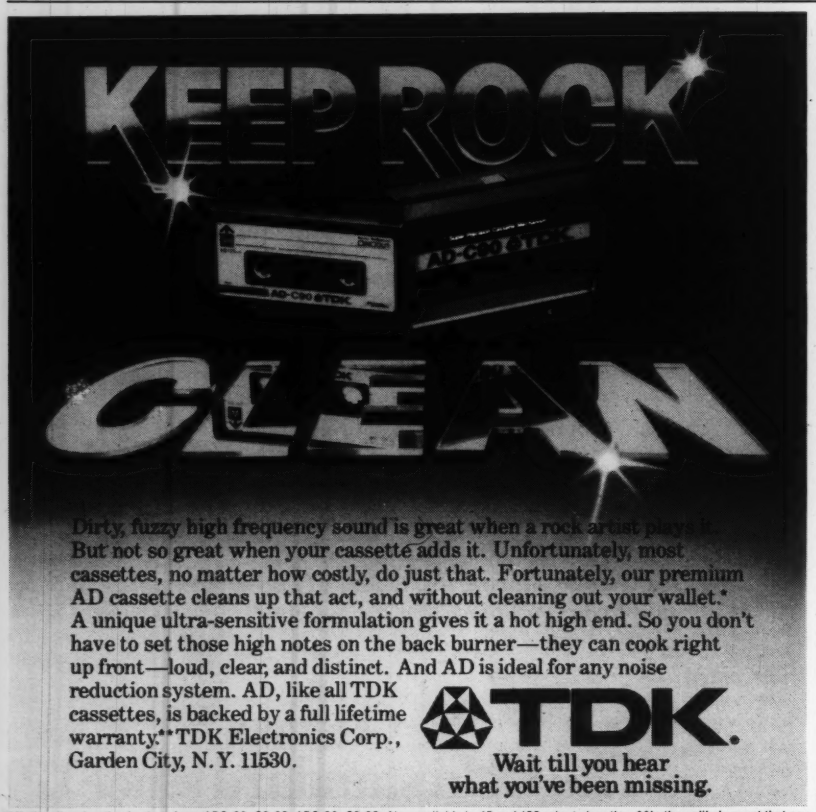
"If the association with cancer is substantiated," says Dr. Ronald St. John of the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, "surely herpes becomes a disease of major importance. As time goes on, and more research is done, it may become clear that herpes is a far more dangerous disease than we ever thought."

In the meantime, many doctors assume a cavalier attitude toward herpes sufferers, and the search for a cure is stalled by their prejudices. "Herpes is seldom a very dangerous disease," says dermatologist Robert Stolar. "The worst it usually does is interfere with someone's sex life—and that won't do much harm. Religious restrictions are diminishing today. We're getting away from the ideas of sin and guilt. Today's society is much too promiscuous."

Some people who get herpes blame themselves, their sex partners or sexuality in general. "It amazes me that people are still so hung up about sex," says Dr. Mervyn Elgart. "You can imagine what it was like to get syphilis 20 years ago; today, herpes has a similar stigma attached. The psychological effects can be quite profound as the disease recurs. Sex and the lesions get connected in the herpes sufferers' experience, making sex seem bad."

Relationships sour; one of the partners gets herpes so they can't have sex. Couples break up when a case of herpes is discovered, revealing infidelity. A bad case of herpes can make a woman feel like a slut and a man feel like he never wants to have sex again.

Is herpes the latest expression of sexual guilt? Like many other diseases, herpes flourishes in times of stress. As we learn more about the connections between mental states and physical illnesses, between guilt and disease, we may discover a cure for herpes. ●



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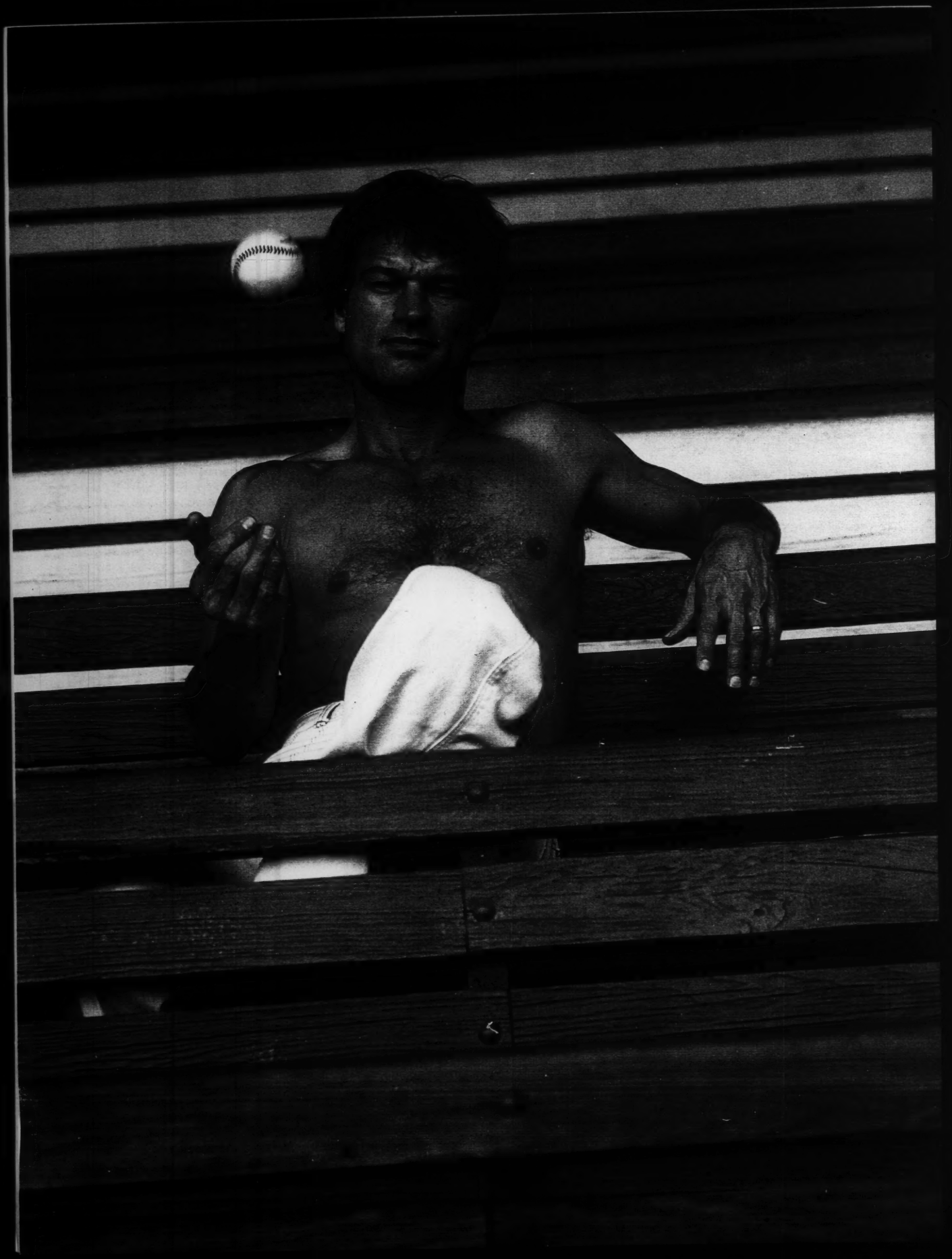


Extra Innings

A year shy of forty, Jim Bouton is on the comeback trail again, sacrificing nearly everything to chase the elusive knuckleball. "Honestly," says a fellow ballplayer, "you've got to think he's a little crazy to be doing this"

by Lawrence Wright

. . . The sun was a golden globe, half-hidden, and as we drove along it appeared to be some giant golden elephant running along the horizon and I felt so good I remembered something Johnny Sain used to talk about.

He used to say a pitcher had a kind of special feeling after he did really well in a ballgame. John called it the cool of the evening, when you could sit and relax and not worry about being in there for three or four days; the job done, a good job, and now it was up to somebody else to go out there the next day and do the slogging. The cool of the evening.

—Jim Bouton, *Ball Four*

The minor leagues. The pennants along the foul lines read Pawtucket, Toledo, Columbus, Syracuse—the AAA farm clubs of the International League. The outfield is surrounded by billboards promoting barbecue stands and Oldsmobile dealerships. A Lions Club baritone salutes the star-spangled banner fluttering in dead center field, and the crowd settles back for the first pitch of a doubleheader between the Charleston Charlies and the Richmond Braves.

Jim Bouton, former sportscaster, former actor, former author, former 20-game winner for the New York Yankees, arrives at his usual post at the edge of the bleachers behind the Richmond dugout. He can't go on the field and he's not willing to sit in the stands, so he loiters around the hot dog concession, looking around absently like a man who's lost his bearings. At the age of 39, Bouton no longer resembles a fresh-faced Army recruit, as he did in 1964 when he won two games in the World Series. The hair is short again, but it's graying, and the eyes are attracting crow's feet. To the fans in Richmond, he must look like somebody's dad trying to get a peek in the bullpen to see if his son is warming up. But it's his own youth that Bouton is searching for, and tomorrow night when the anthem concludes before the exhibition game with the Atlanta Braves, Jim Bouton will walk to the mound and face a major league club for the first time in eight years.

Comebacks among baseball pitchers are not unknown, but they are rare. Tommy John did it after a surgeon rebuilt his arm in 1974, and Mickey Lolich is trying to do it now with the San Diego Padres, after sitting out a year. What makes Bouton's attempt so exceptional is that he's been out of baseball since 1970, and when he quit he wasn't injured, he was washed-up. He hadn't pitched effectively for six years. But instead of falling into the panic many ballplayers face when their careers are finished, Bouton wrote *Ball Four*, one of the best-selling sports books of all time.

He was censured by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and reviled by the baseball establishment. ("It's the most derogatory thing and the worst thing for baseball I've ever seen," Joe Cronin, then president of the American League, said of the book. "He's got ballplayers sleeping with each other's wives. He's got them being Peeping Toms. He's even got them kissing each other. I've never read anything so bad in my whole life.") But a lot of ballplayers, even those who detested the book, gladly would have traded their seat in the dugout for a spot on the WABC Eyewitness News Team, or a part in a Robert Altman movie (*The Long Goodbye*), or a role in a TV sitcom (*Ball Four*, 1976's short-lived series based on Bouton's book). After all, what does a ballplayer have to look forward to when he's out of the game? If he's immortal, like Joe DiMaggio or Mickey Mantle, maybe he can do some TV commercials, but if he's merely average, he'll be lucky to land a high-school coaching job. From that perspective, Jim Bouton was the most conspicuously successful ex-ballplayer since Chuck Connors, who hit .239 for the Cubs but went on to glory as the favorite Hollywood actor of Leonid Brezhnev.

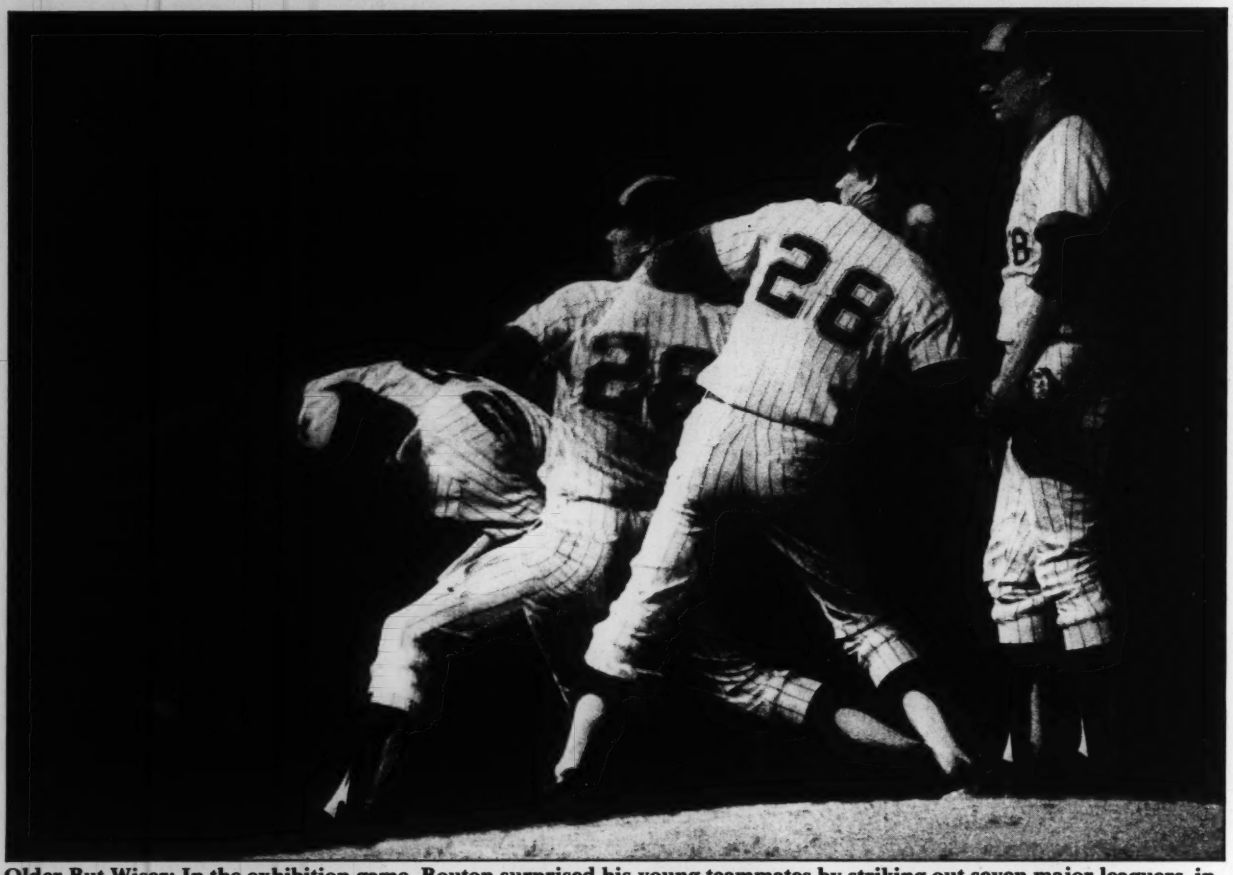
That's all gone now, the television, the movies and even the money, sacrificed for a long-shot "comeback." Last year he was cut by two minor league teams and finished the summer with a bunch of kids on a class A club in Portland, Oregon, at the lowest level of professional baseball; and since spring training this season, when he was released by the Braves, he has been pitching batting practice for meal money for the Richmond club—and that as a favor from Ted Turner, owner of the Braves organization.

The young players are nice to him, but he's part of another world to them, a world of long-distance calls and funny tales about famous people. His equipment bag says "Washington Americans"—it's a prop from his TV series, when he played Jim Barton, "number 56 on your scorecard but number one in your hearts." The players kid about the yogurt he keeps in the icebox and the health food he eats on the road, but they admire the shape he's in. At 165 pounds, he is 20 pounds lighter than his Yankee days, and his body is as lithe and springy as an acrobat's. Still, it's a mystery why Bouton is among them. He is not even on their roster. When the team flies to Syracuse, or Toledo, Bouton tags along, just to pitch batting practice and perhaps talk to the general managers of the opposing teams, letting them know he's available. So far, no offers. "If I don't make the big leagues soon, the money's going to run out," Bouton says. Today, the day before his big opportunity, Bouton sold his house in Englewood, New Jersey. "I've even taken all the money I put away for a college education for my kids, that's all gone." Tomorrow, if he doesn't pitch well, the comeback of Jim Bouton is over.

The next morning Bouton wakes up

Lawrence Wright's most recent piece for New Times *was a profile of U.S. District Judge Frank Johnson.*

Photograph by Anthony Neste



Older But Wiser: In the exhibition game, Bouton surprised his young teammates by striking out seven major leaguers, including the fearsome Jeff Burroughs

and reaches for the baseball on his bedside table. There is always a baseball within his reach, and any spare instant, between bites of cereal or when he's waiting for a light to change, he automatically grasps the ball, three fingers raised behind the seam in an eccentric knuckleball grip. "I needed to be by myself at this stage of my life," he explains from the tousled bed in his two-room garret in Richmond. "I needed to be away from my family, to think about what I want to do with the rest of my life. Working on the TV series was extremely complicated and draining to me. I literally did not see daylight for months and months. When they cancelled the series I had to do something outside. I needed a goal, and it seemed like mastering the knuckleball was something worth doing."

The knuckleball is the most elusive pitch in baseball. It is not thrown with the knuckles but with the fingertips; perhaps the name comes from the fact that the ball is tucked deep in the palm and the nails of two fingers are dug into the seams, with the consequence that the knuckles arch high above the ball—something the batter notices as soon as the pitcher begins his delivery. No one ever mistakes a knuckleball for any other pitch. When it leaves the pitcher's hand he gives it a farewell push with his two fingers, and if he's thrown it properly, it will float toward the batter with no spin at all. Spin is what makes a curve curve, or a slider slide. Spin adds velocity to a fastball and helps it move; a pitcher with a "live" fastball can expect his pitch to rise or fall depending on the direction of the spin. A ball without spin is a ball with no inclination to do any of these things. It is like a toy boat in a stream, without a rudder. Once it is set in the current, it is nature's captive. A sudden gust from left field may push the ball several inches out of its path; the same groundswell that sweeps up the hot dog wrappers will lift the ball, and make it hop. A passing jet may leave a legacy of momentary turbulence—just enough to make a five-ounce ball shiver. Since a hitter has to commit himself within an instant after the ball is thrown, he is constantly adjusting his swing to the dips and dodges, so that he often winds up lunging after a ball that bounces in front of the plate. There is no such thing as a good knuckleball hitter.

Only four major league pitchers throw the knuckleball for a living: Phil Niekro of the Braves, his younger brother Joe with the Astros, Wilbur Wood of the White Sox and Charlie Hough of the Dodgers. Many managers won't have a knuckleballer on their team. There's too great a chance of a wild pitch or a passed ball, and because the ball travels so slowly, it's an easy pitch for a base runner to steal on. If the pitcher makes the least mistake in his delivery and imparts a lazy spin to the ball, it will roll through the air like a cantaloupe—a batter's delight. It is also an almost impossible pitch to teach. Most knuckleballers learned the pitch when they were kids, and practiced it for years before they played professionally. Hoyt Wilhelm, the old master, pitched knucklers in the big leagues for 21 years, retiring in 1972 at the age of 49; although he's coaching now for a Yankee farm team in Tacoma, Washington, he hasn't taught the pitch to a single kid. "It's too late when they get to me," he says. "Besides, you can't teach it anyway."

Jim Bouton learned the pitch off the back of a cereal package when he was 12 years old, a package with a picture of Dutch Leonard that showed the orthodox two-fingered grip used by every knuckleballer other than Jim Bouton. "I went right out in the back yard to practice, but my hand was too small, so I used three fingers. As a result, I throw it harder than any of those other guys. Their knuckleballs float in there and

Photograph by Don Rypka

may change directions two, three or four times on the way to the plate. When I throw it, it sort of pinches out of my hand like a watermelon seed. It has a slight torque on it, and it usually breaks only one time, and then at the last minute, and down." After a year of practice, Bouton began to throw the knuckleball in Little League games. "I was probably the best 13-year-old knuckleballer in the country. I used to go around to high schools and bet the big kids that they couldn't catch five balls I threw right at them. I'd throw them five straight knuckleballs, and they'd be lucky to catch even one."

True knuckleballers are like psychics—invested with a power beyond their control. Phil Niekro, who may be the greatest knuckleballer of all time, has struck out 2,000 men with the pitch and still admits, "I don't have any reason why the ball does what it does when it leaves my hand. I don't make it do anything. It's definitely a gift. I've been blessed with something very abnormal. Some guys have great legs and can run, some have great arms and can throw, some have great eyes and can hit. I've been blessed with the knuckleball, and the mind that can cope with it all these years." In his book, *False Spring*, Pat Jordan analyzed the young Niekro who came up with the Braves farm team in McCook, Nebraska, 19 years ago: "Phil Niekro was the least complex man I'd ever met. He devoted his life to mastering a pitch. . . . A knuckleball is as impossible to hit when thrown over the plate as it is to throw over the plate. A pitcher has no control over the peregrinations of the ball. He imposes nothing on it but simply surrenders to its will. To be successful, a knuckleball pitcher must first recognize this fact and then decide that his destiny still lies only with the pitch and that he will throw it constantly no matter what. . . . It is a surrender that a more complex man could never make . . . "

All of his life, Bouton's aggressive and self-centered personality has warred with the mystical knuckleball. When he grew up, he learned to drive fast and throw hard; and when the Yankees signed him they weren't interested in his knuckler—they liked it best when he threw so hard his hat flew off and the ball popped the mitt like a cannon shot. Niekro and Bouton are the same age; in fact, they played in the same league in Nebraska, and Bouton remembers seeing Niekro warm up, and going over to him to talk about the knuckler. (Knuckleballers don't keep secrets from each other, mainly because they don't *know* the secret.) By this time Bouton had turned his back on the knuckler; and after that conversation with Niekro in Nebraska, he didn't think about it again for nearly eight years, until his fastball died. "I never really used it again until 1967," he recalls in *Ball Four*. "My arm was very sore and I was getting my head beat in. [Yankee manager Raph] Houk put me into a game against Baltimore and I didn't have a thing, except pain. I got two out and then, with my arm hurting like hell, I threw four knuckleballs to Frank Robinson and struck him out." The next day Bouton was sent back to the minors.

What makes this so exceptional is that Bouton has been out of baseball since 1970—and when he quit, he was washed up

Bouton spent the 1969 season writing *Ball Four* and throwing knucklers for the Seattle Pilots, a star-crossed major league expansion team. The next two years—his last in the big leagues—Bouton tried to refine the pitch, make it consistent. "My knuckleball was never as good as Wilhelm's or Wood's or Niekro's, because I didn't spend a lifetime working on it. But there were some nights I was good enough to strike out anybody." Other nights, he wasn't. Soon after *Ball Four* came out in 1970, Bouton was sent down again, this time by the Astros. And this time he quit.

Ball Four had hit the baseball world like a tempest. First there were the excerpts in *Look*, with Bouton's frank appraisals of some of baseball's biggest names, and exposés of what ballplayers really did in their spare time—notably, "beaver shooting" from the roof of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C. "The Yankees would go up there in squads of fifteen or so, often led by Mickey Mantle himself," Bouton wrote. "You needed a lot of guys to do the spotting. Then someone would whistle from two or three wings away, '*Psst!* Hey! Beaver shot. Section D. Five o'clock.' And there'd be a mad scramble of guys climbing over skylights, tripping over each other and trying not to fall off the roof. One of the first big thrills I had with the Yankees was joining about half the club on the roof of the Shoreham at two-thirty in the morning. I remember saying to myself, 'So this is the big leagues.'"

After the book came out, Bouton was booed whenever he got into a game, both by players and fans. Dick Young, the curmudgeon of the New York *Daily News* sports desk, called him a "social leper." Bouton's worst day came when he appeared in relief against the Mets in Shea Stadium. "As soon as I stuck my nose out of the bullpen in left field, the boos started. They washed over me like a flood of garbage," Bouton wrote in *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, a book about the reaction to *Ball Four*. "This was, well, it was like walking into a wall, nose first.'"

"Let's see if I can explain what that did for my pitching. Looking back, I can only think I was overconcentrating. Super-overconcentrating. I'm going to really do good here. Put everything I got into it. Really throw the son of a bitch. Then I'd miss and try even harder on the next one. You can't pitch that way. Especially with a knuckleball. Sometimes, with the fastball, you get to throw . . . harder and harder the madder or more nervous you get. But the knuckleball—half of it was in the head. And *all* of my head was in the dugout."

ABC offered him a job as a TV sports reporter. At first, he turned it down, but he reconsidered when he was sent to the Oklahoma City Eighty-niners and gave up six runs in the first inning of his first start. "The knuckleball seemed to go home to wherever knuckleballs go home to," he wrote. "Even Hoyt Wilhelm has the problem. Except his knuckler must live close by and take only short trips home. I think mine lived in Hong Kong."

Most of the kids on the Richmond club were in junior high when the book came out, and for them the controversy it caused is some far-off event of another generation, like Kent State or the suspension of Denny McLain. When they speak of *Ball Four* they are usually referring to the television series, which was smothered in its seventh week, more or less to Bouton's relief. "*Gilligan's Island* in baseball suits," he calls it. The experience soured him on television, and although he was still a very popular sportscaster (WCBS-TV in New York, his last employer, says there is an understanding that he is welcome back any time), he began to think there was something undone in his life. He felt caught in a meaningless rush. Perhaps if he focused his thoughts on a single pursuit—mastering the knuckleball, for instance—he might get a better grip on himself.

So now, at 39, when most of his contemporaries have left the game, Bouton sits in his attic apartment sawing teeth in his fingernails. It helps him get a better grip on the ball. (Niekro prefers to chew his nails; others let them grow long and toughen their fingers in pickle brine.) Nearby is a copy of *Zen and the Art of Archery*, which is Bouton's spiritual manual. He is trying to temper the ego that kept him from becoming a great knuckleball artist; like the Zen archer, he is reaching for a state of "original agility," which is accomplished only by "withdrawing from all attachments

whatsoever, by becoming utterly egoless: so that the soul, sunk within itself, stands in the plenitude of its nameless origin." In this respect the humiliation of the last two years has been good for him, because humility is the key to the knuckleball. The pitch still hasn't come to him, and probably it never will, but the search of it is Bouton's way of finding inner peace.

Jim Bouton has the Richmond clubhouse to himself. It's been a long time since he's gone through this ritual—suiting up before starting a crucial game. "I'm breaking in a new jock strap for the occasion," he jokes, although his voice is weak and he's plainly scared. His old number 56 has been cut in half, and it doesn't help his morale that the club mascot, Seymour Baseball, also wears number 28. Seymour Baseball wanders through the crowd during the games wearing a giant plastic baseball over his head.

"Three things can happen to me tonight," Bouton says. "The first is that I don't have a good knuckleball and I get my ass kicked. That's the most likely. I haven't thrown a good knuckleball all year, and since the guys won't let me throw it to them in batting practice, I haven't thrown one to a hitter since spring. Not to mention my pickoff move! If somebody gets on first, I don't know what I'll do.

"The second possibility is that I find it and have a magic game. I pitch seven innings, strike out five to seven guys, give up a couple of hits, maybe a run or two, but we beat the Atlanta Braves, 4 to 2. Right after the game Ted Turner comes in and says it's an amazing game, and I sign a contract. I pitch a couple of games for the Richmond Braves to get sharp, then move into the big leagues, right into the starting rotation. That's not really too farfetched. It's happened to me several times before. It happened with the Yankees when I was one of those kids invited to the major league spring training camp, to pitch batting practice. We went to St. Petersburg to play the Cardinals, and the Yankees

Bouton sees himself going to Japan and teaching the knuckleball. "It's the perfect pitch for them; it requires delicacy, single-minded dedication and twice as much work"

brought three pitchers along to pitch three innings each. They didn't have anybody to pitch extra innings, so when it went into the tenth they asked me to throw. I wound up pitching five scoreless innings, and they had to give me a chance. Maybe that's what will happen tonight.

"The third possibility is in between—I pitch well enough, but nothing super. That's the one I try to keep out of my mind."

Out in the bullpen, the pitchers for the Richmond Braves await Bouton's appearance. In the meantime, they listen to snake stories from Luke Appling, "Old Aches and Pains," as he was known when he played shortstop for the White Sox. Luke is 71 now, a "roving batting instructor" as he describes himself. Joey McLaughlin, one of the young pitchers on the staff, asks Luke what he thinks about Bouton's chances. "Well, he's got his knuckleball, but it don't flutter. It curves down. I'd rather see it flutter." The pitchers nod. They all wish Bouton well, but if he does really well, one of them is likely to be cut.

By a happy coincidence, Bouton's old pitching coach with the Yankees, Johnny Sain, is now coaching at Richmond. "The comeback trail is a hard way to go, 'cause you just about have to have instant success," says Sain, who is famous for rehabilitating worn-out pitchers. "Jim's trying to do what nobody else has ever done. He's prob'ly got more pressure on him tonight than he's ever had in his life, more than when he pitched in the World Series." Since Bouton came to Richmond, Sain has been teaching him to economize his motion by using the same "quick pitch" windup Sain taught Jim Kaat, who's used it very successfully with the Phillies. It helps Bouton concentrate on the moment of release. Sain has also taught Bouton a new pitch, the "cut fastball," which is thrown slightly off-center and tends to break away from right-handed batters. Every knuckleballer needs something for those times when the knuckler deserts him, or when it's working so well that it seems to have a magnetic repulsion for the strike zone. "Jim's got a good fastball, slider, and a good palm ball—that's his off-speed pitch," Sain says. "He throws well enough to fill in with these pitches, if he needs to."

Today, the batting practice pitcher for the Richmond Braves is Tommie Aaron, the manager of the club, Hank's younger brother. Years ago, Tommie and Jim Bouton played AA ball together in the Texas League. Tommie is happy to have Bouton pitch tonight because he won't have to waste one of his starters on an exhibition game. "I'm planning to pitch him six or seven innings," he says. "But I'm not gonna let it turn into a farce. If they get two or three runs, okay—but I'm not gonna let him get his brains knocked out."

The Atlanta Braves arrive at the stadium, and all the sportswriters rush to interview Ted Turner. As a stunt, Turner is going to umpire third base tonight. A lot of people think that pitching Jim Bouton is also a stunt. In the Braves organization, Bouton's opportunity with the Richmond farm team is called a "presidential decision," meaning that everybody else in the front office thought it was a bad idea. The Braves are involved in a "rebuilding," and the director of player development, Hank Aaron, could be forgiven if he didn't see

where a 39-year-old knuckleballer fit into a youth movement. When he was released earlier this year, Bouton flew to Atlanta. "I spent 15 minutes in Ted's office," Bouton recalls. "I said, 'Ted, I had the best spring of anybody in camp. I willed it to happen.' I explained how I thought I could help him." Turner was sympathetic. He and Bouton have many things in common, mainly enemies. They are both outcasts in organized baseball, and both have been censured by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. "Ted picked up the phone," Bouton recalls, "and spoke to Bill Lucas [the director of player personnel] and said, 'Find a place for this man. He's no dummy.'"

Lucas remembers the episode. "Ted had a hunch about it," he says wryly. "Ted owns the ball club."

In Richmond tonight, Turner fields questions restlessly, using the chance to extol his team, which is in the cellar for the third straight year. "One good thing about 'em, they're almost all *Americans*—not to take anything away from the Latin players, of course—but this way we're helping the dollar deficit." Most of the writers came to see Bouton, and they want to know what his future is with the Atlanta Braves. "If he does well," Turner says, "it'll pose more problems than anything else. We'll be able to place him somewhere, I guess. You know last year we weren't exactly knee-deep in effectiveness where pitching is concerned. If he doesn't do well, the problem is that he'll probably hang around for awhile."

"But he's 39, Ted," says one of the writers. "Don't you think he's over the hill?"

"We've already got one 39-year-old knuckleballer on our staff in the person of Phil Niekro, and he led the league in strikeouts last year. I'm 39 myself, and I may not be able to pitch a ballgame, but I can sail pretty decently," says the Yachtsman of the Year, and winner of the America's Cup.

Jim Bouton comes out of the clubhouse and stands where he usually does, behind the players' gate; only tonight

"Why can't I pitch till I'm 55? Who knows what the limits are until they've been tested?"

he's in uniform and the autograph hounds engulf him. The uniform makes him look older. At last, the field awaits him. The grounds crew has been at it all day long, and now they're cleaning up from batting practice. "I've always liked the idea of walking across a field with the organ playing and the dew on the grass," Bouton muses. "I remember thinking as a kid, wouldn't it be great to run out there and slide into second base! It's such a nice place to be. You can tell at once that it's set up for a game of some kind—the manicured grass, the nice white lines, the men in uniforms, the mound being built up—you know something important and exciting is going to happen there. They sure don't prepare offices like that for people to come to work in the next morning."

"Hey, Dad!" Bouton turns around to find his wife and two sons, Mike, 14, and David, 13, who have driven down from New Jersey after spending the entire week packing boxes and moving into a smaller house. (His 12-year-old daughter Laurie had to stay for a gymnastics meet.) Although he's asked for a lot from his family, Bouton insists his comeback attempt hasn't hurt them. "They don't have the stereos they want but they do have bicycles," he says. "And when they open up the refrigerator there's still food in there." What they miss is a father—and occasionally his kids have to remind him of that.

For a moment in front of his family, Bouton lets down. "I wish I were somewhere else, sucking my thumb," he jokes. "No, not really."

"Watch out for Jeff Burroughs," Mike warns. Jeff Burroughs is hitting .416 and is the hottest hitter in baseball.

"Thanks, Mike."

Bouton kisses his wife and walks down to the bullpen to warm up. "This is sorta like sudden death," Bobbie Bouton mutters as he leaves.

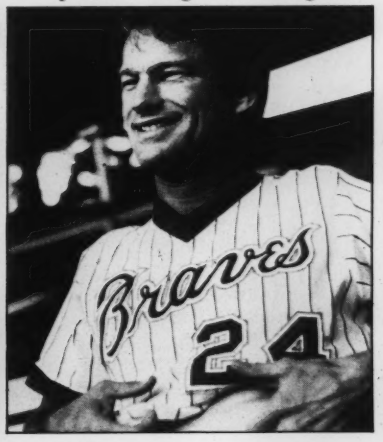
Mike nods. "Well, we could use him at home."

The ground is still wet from three days of rain. Bouton looks up at the flag in center field. It hangs absolutely dead. His heart sinks. The wind has been blowing out all day, which for Bouton's knuckler is the very best condition. When he throws into the wind, the resistance makes his pitch go crazy. When it's dead like this—well, a little wind would help. He throws a knuckler to his catcher, Bruce Benedict, and nothing happens. It doesn't break.

Bouton's family sits in the courtesy boxes, with all the front-office people from Atlanta and the Richmond ballplayers' wives. Already there is quite a large crowd. On the field, the notables are being presented, including Hank Aaron and Brooks Robinson, the former third baseman of the Orioles, who is on hand to promote Crown Oil. Baseball is a strange fraternity. "Old Aches and Pains" Appling sits just in front of Bobbie Bouton, with a broad scowl on his face (perhaps he expected to be introduced on the field), and just behind her, one of the ballplayer's wives is cuddling a baby. "I feel pretty out of place," Bobbie says. "Her baby is just cutting a molar, and Mike is working on a wisdom tooth."

Mike and David cheer when Ted Turner is introduced in his umpire's uniform. "I hope Dad makes it," David says. "I know the odds aren't too good." Mike uses the field glasses to watch his father warm up. "Uh-oh. He's not throwing major league stuff." Mike sees his father shake his head and mutter into his glove.

Bouton is reminding himself: Don't be so mechanical. This is your kind of game. You're the old "Bulldog," the man with the 1.48 ERA in three World Series games. Then he thinks about something a pitching coach once told



The Jim Bouton Story: From left, reporters in St. Louis ask Bouton about the game he's just pitched, one of two World Series victories he earned with the Yankees in 1964; Bouton leaves Bowie Kuhn's office in 1970 after hearing two hours of the commissioner's wrath over Bouton's book *Ball Four*; washed up as a pitcher, Bouton revisits Yankee Stadium in 1972, toting a mike in place of a mitt; Bouton (seated, foreground) poses with the cast of 1976's short-lived TV series based on his book; and, at last, a home with the Savannah Braves

Photos: Tony Triolo/Sports Illustrated © Time Inc., Wide World, UPI, Wide World

him: *Never worry about a thing, boy. Always remember that there are 600-million Chinese who don't give a shit.* He smiles. If the worst thing happens, he does have a contingency plan, a sort of revenge upon the American baseball establishment. This year *Ball Four* is being translated into Japanese. In his imagination Bouton sees himself going to Japan and teaching the knuckleball. "I'll be the Johnny Appleseed of the knuckleball. And the Japanese, with their intense dedication, master the pitch. A team of 25 diminutive players with an entire knuckleball staff comes to the United States and humiliates the world champions. It's the perfect pitch for them; it requires delicacy, single-minded dedication and twice as much work. It's the equalizer of the little man. I mean, they're ripe for it! It'll be worse than Pearl Harbor!"

This reverie is interrupted by the national anthem. Bouton suddenly realizes that Bruce has caught only about half of the last ten pitches. The ball is breaking everywhere. It's the best knuckleball he's ever thrown.

"Just sitting down, I had a déjà vu," Mike says when the anthem is over.

"A good one?" David asks.

"I don't know."

Bruce Benedict managed to borrow the huge knuckleball mitt that the Atlanta catchers use when Niekro is pitching. The pocket of this mitt is so large that an ordinary catcher's mitt will nearly fit inside.

As he walks to the mound, Bouton notices Turner standing behind third base with a giant chaw of tobacco ballooning in his cheek. Turner waves to him. Bouton laughs. He feels he is in a dream. He hears the batters announced over the PA, but their names don't register with him. He is thinking only of the pitch, each pitch. He finds the familiar grip inside his glove, concentrates on his motion and watches the ball sail toward the catcher's mitt.

The first batter for Atlanta is Jerry Royster, a .310 hitter, who watches two knuckleballs hit the dirt, swings at two that don't, and when the count goes to 3 and 2, strikes out on a cut fastball, the first cut fastball Jim Bouton has ever thrown to a major league hitter. Biff Pocoroba grounds out to second base, and that brings up Jeff Burroughs. "I was aware it was Burroughs, but I couldn't think uh-oh, big powerful hitter with a compact swing," Bouton said later. "Especially since I know that adrenaline doesn't help. Like, the more you back off, the better it works. With the archer, the harder he tried to shoot the bow, the harder it became." Burroughs takes a ball, fouls off a cut fastball, misses a palm ball and strikes out on a knuckler. Three up, three down.

Bobbie laughs. "Even if from now on it's not like that, that was fun!"

"I can just see the headlines tomorrow morning in the Bergen *Record*!" Mike says.

The PA announcer says there is still standing room available in the picnic areas. Mike looks around. "Boy, this place is jammed," he says. Every seat is taken and people are crowding into the aisles. The line to the ladies' room is 50 feet long. When Bouton comes to the mound again, the crowd cheers. The PA announces that any ball hit into the crowd in right field will be a ground-rule double. *The crowd in right field?* Bouton looks around and sees hundreds of people standing behind a rope inside the warning track, stretched all the way to the flag in center. The outfielders look at the crowd and shrug. And more are coming in.

Mike jumps out of his seat. "Mom, I gotta go out there!"

In the second, Richmond goes ahead 1-0 and gets two more runs in the fourth. By this time the crowd is cheering Bouton's every pitch. "Every time I'd come into the dugout the guys would look at me different than I'd ever seen them look at me," Bouton said after the game. "Like, what the hell's going on here, Bouton? You know, they'd been looking at me as such a pathetic figure, throwing batting practice for nothing, almost a forlorn character, really. Now they really started to look at me funny. After the fifth scoreless inning, Joey McLaughlin finally says, 'Hey, Jim! What kind of yogurt was it that you've been eating?' It cracked everybody up."

In the sixth, Bouton strikes out two men, walks one, then gives up a hit that scores. Atlanta's first run. "He's got to be getting tired," Bobbie says. "It's the sixth inning and he's thrown a lot of pitches." Pat Rockett, the Atlanta shortstop, ends the inning by flying out to center. The next inning, Bouton gives up a walk and a single, and Tommie Aaron knows it is time to take him out of the game. He leaves leading 3-1. He has scattered seven hits, walked three and struck out seven. Altogether he has thrown 114 pitches, 65 for strikes. When Bouton surrenders the ball, the crowd—those who are not already on their feet—stands and cheers. Bouton tips his hat in the standard acknowledgement, then suddenly stops and waves the cap over his head, with the non-ironic grin of a man whose highest point has come as a non-roster player for the Richmond Braves.

"For this is what the art of archery means: a profound and far-reaching contest of the archer with himself."

Later, undressing in the clubhouse, Bouton tells the crowd of reporters, "I'm not going to say that this makes everything worthwhile, because I enjoyed it all—being outdoors, in Knoxville, Durango, Portland, learning the knuckleball. I wasn't trying to prove a point, but I do think I can play for another 10 or 15 years. Why can't I pitch past Wilhelm? Why can't I pitch till I'm 55? Who knows what the limits are until they've been tested?"

"When he left the game, I can honestly say I felt chills," says Bruce Benedict, the catcher. "It's something I'm gonna always remember. If he'd pitched in any prior games, he might have gone all the way."

Bouton smiles at him. "We had some fun, didn't we?"

"Hey, you'd think we won tonight!" somebody laughs. Richmond lost the game in the ninth, 7-3.

Hank Aaron and Bill Lucas are a bit chagrined, though quite complimentary. "If I was a scout, my opinion would be that I'd be demoted," Lucas says.

There are still questions about what Bouton's outing proved. Although he did well, it was only an exhibition game against one of the weakest teams in baseball. And even the Braves weren't entirely convinced.

"Well, his fastball's too slow," Jeff Burroughs says. "He's got good motion on his pitches, good control—really, it's surprising how good his control was. Honestly, you've got to think he's a little crazy to be doing this, but most of us who play the game are a little crazy. There's really not a more fun way to live your life."

(At least Bouton's performance in Richmond was good enough to win him a contract with the Savannah Braves, the AA farm team one level below Richmond. A week later, on May 19, he won his first official game, beating the Nashville Sounds. He went the full nine innings, gave up six hits, struck out eight and walked none. Afterwards, Savannah manager Bobby Dews said, "I think if he keeps pitching like this, Ted Turner will bring him up to the big leagues.")

Maybe Turner will bring Bouton to the majors. He seems swept up by the improbability of Bouton's quest. After the exhibition game, the owner takes his entire Richmond club out for rib-eye steaks. (Bouton orders crab cakes.) In the restuarant, Turner is expansive—more expansive than usual—because his hunch has paid off.

"We'll find a place for you, don't worry," he tells Bouton. "You know, pitching is like pussy—you can never get enough of it. Maybe we'll trade you to the Yankees for Graig Nettles. Uh-oh, I forgot. You're not even on the roster." He throws a baseball at Bouton that he'd gotten autographed by the umpire crew. "You'll probably want a million dollars."

Bouton grips the ball automatically and looks at his wife. "The cool of the evening," she says.

Bouton smiles. "The cool of the evening." ●

Funeral Rites: German police detain and frisk demonstrators as Red Army terrorists are buried

Euro-terror

Continued from page 36

the expanding powers of repression the police use against the Left. They called that protest "Tunix"—a German play on words that means "Do-Nothing"—an expression not of passivity but of the alienated, anarchic, autonomous sensibility that is now the salient and most striking feature of revolt in European society.

The Sponti "scene" is centered in Frankfurt ("the Dallas of the German Federal Republic"), and one of its leader-less leaders is Daniel Cohn-Bendit—better known as "Danny the Red" during the days of revolt in Paris ten years ago. Cohn-Bendit lives in enforced exile in Frankfurt; he was born in France of German parents, but did not meet certain arcane residency requirements to secure French citizenship, and President Charles de Gaulle banished him after the "French May." Cohn-Bendit has worked around the Sponti "scene" of underground newspapers, progressive kindergartens and tenant strikes. He recently was a clerk at the Karl Marx Bookstore, of which he is a part-owner.

We spoke one afternoon over soup and *strudel* in a genteel cafe in a section of the city where the streets have been converted into an extensive pedestrian mall, planted with budding trees and dotted with fountains and benches. "The last reform before they give up," Cohn-Bendit smiled, "is street beautification. After that, they can imagine nothing more to do.

"These guerrilla groups—the RAF and the *Brigate Rosse*—don't just happen," he began, with a mouthful of *gulaschsuppe*. "They are produced in a certain kind of society, where there is a hopeless situation. They do not come because of brutal repression, but out of crushed expectations."

Cohn-Bendit still wears the uniform of "May"—tattered army jacket, tennis sneakers with yellow laces, baggy corduroy pants, red socks. His long red-blond hair falls in great cascades of uncombed curls over his collar. He smiles the gentle, ironic smile that was his trademark in those times when others wore a mask of rage.

"Here in Germany, hopelessness means that you can say what you want, but no one will listen and nothing will happen. Opposition is blocked. In the sixties there was no opposition in the government or the major parties in parliament to American policy in Vietnam; it was supported even by the Socialists. That gave rise to the extra-parliamentary opposition and to militant action outside the political system. We would not have had a radical movement if there had been a significant opposition to the war policy.

"You are all hypocrites! The Communists, the Christian Democrats, the unions, the corporations! You denounce terrorism but you use it for your own ends!"

—Renato Curcio of the Red Brigades, from his cage in the barracks-room court in Turin

"Now there is no opposition to complacency, to consumption, to ignorance and evasion about the Nazi period, to arrogance and repression," he continued. "The guerrillas are logical products of hopelessness. Every day you can find rationalizations for a radical fight. But the problem is that all these actions

Photo: Sipa Press/Black Star

strengthen the state. The state has a monopoly on force, a monopoly on terror. They don't want to lose it to a bunch of kids with guns. The state decides who dies and who lives, who gets jobs and who starves. And that power gives them a monopoly on morality, too. Schleyer was a victim of 'terrorism.' But he was a former SS officer, too, and he was in the car when the SS chief Heydrich was assassinated by partisans in Prague. If Schleyer had been shot then, would he be a 'victim of terrorism?' Would the partisans be villains or heroes?

"Our problem is that we cannot yet change the context in which these fights are taking place," Cohn-Bendit concluded. "These guerrillas now are out of touch with ordinary people, with what is really happening in Germany and Italy, with the young workers and the *'emarginati'*—the marginal people of Italy. The guerrillas are on a horror trip, a death trip. It will end for them by dying with their weapons in their hands. We will understand it, but we will all be the worse for it."

"We have a funny kind of terrorism in Germany. In the United States the reason for terrorism was Vietnam and the draft. In Ireland and Palestine the reason is religion and nationalism. In the Basque country and Corsica it is regional autonomy. Ours is the only terrorism without a reason."

—Horst Ehmke, member of the West German parliament and a former minister of justice

The consequences of terrorism in Europe have already been felt; those whose lives the revolt was meant to improve have suffered the most. In Germany and Italy, the reaction to terrorism has pushed all the major parties to the Right, to policies that not only defend "law and order" with restraints on civil liberties but also make a wide variety of social reforms unattractive or unacceptable. For instance, a bill that would secure the rights of children has been shelved in the German Bundestag because of the general revulsion to "permissive" social innovations. In Italy, workers' demands for a voice in their union affairs, for more decent working conditions, or for more pay are uniformly refused because they "weaken the state" when it needs to be strong in the face of terrorism.

The German and Italian parliaments have approved special laws and emergency decrees that give the police wide powers to detain and interrogate anyone they please in the pursuit of terrorists. But in fact the object of the searches is the "flank" of young radicals, the marginal and autonomous "ultra-left," which worries the authorities more than the actual handful of guerrillas.

"What we are afraid of," a Communist trade unionist in Turin said sternly, "is not the acts of a couple of crazy *brigatisti*, but the reaction of the Right. It could wipe us out, demolish what we have been building in Italy for 30 years, end our chances to govern the country forever. Those are very high stakes. We do not take this game lightly."

In order to stop the Right, the Communists believe they must stamp out the Left—"criminalize" the radicals and wipe out the dissent against the Communist position of "historic compromise" with the Christian Democrats. As their first contribution to the parliamentary collaboration of the two parties—which Aldo Moro arranged the week before his kidnapping—the Communists orchestrated the anti-terrorist campaign, and with a vengeance that no conservative could ever muster.

Moro was still en route to his terrorist "gulag" on March 16 when the Communists called out workers and the populace in a general strike and street demonstrations against "this blow to the heart of the state." To hear party people tell it, the response from the factories was overwhelming. But in fact the Communists have less enthusiastic support on this issue than they would like the world to believe. "Only 200 out of 8,000 workers went on strike at 11 o'clock when the unions called us out," a Fiat mechanic told me, in a low voice. "The organizers had to picket their own workers."

It was not that the factory employees approved of the kidnapping. Moro was hardly a popular, charismatic politician, but he was not particularly despised either. "Moro had a bit of the image in Italy this year that Henry Kissinger had in the United States in 1972," an American who has been teaching in Rome for almost a decade noted. "You can imagine the mixed feelings there would have been if Kissinger was ripped off at that time!"

But Moro embodied in his person and his career the power of the Italian state as had no other recent figure in his country, and those Italians who feel themselves on the margins of society are as antagonistic to the state and its symbols as they are to the irresponsible and brutal terrorists. Many officials were perplexed at the size and strength of the demonstration for the two youths—called Fausto and Iaio—killed by right-wing terrorists in Milan; by all accounts it was bigger and more spontaneous than the rallies called by the Communists after the Moro kidnapping.

In conversation after conversation with Italians who feel "emarginated" to a greater or lesser degree, I found a sense of secret respect for violence against the symbols of state power, even while the acts themselves were condemned. In part, perhaps, it was admiration for a successful military adventure by a people not known for their victories at arms. "The *rapimento* of Moro was the most brilliantly planned and executed campaign any Italian has made since Caesar conquered Gaul," one professor said wickedly.

Brigatista Renato Curcio knew that he could find a popular response when he told his lawyer, "In Italy, the police are shitty, the politicians are shitty; only the terrorists are top-level." Many Italians believe that Germans, Americans or Israelis had to be involved in the kidnapping because it was so perfectly planned. For similar reasons of national inferiority, the Italian police quickly called in foreign intelligence experts to help crack the case.

Neither the legendarily efficient German police nor the notoriously incompetent Italian constabulary has had much success in apprehending terrorists, beyond the odd accident of capture. German officials say they know who kidnapped Schleyer, and they have plastered stark posters all over the country displaying the sullen mug shots of the wanted women and men, each of whom will fetch a $25,000 reward. So far there have been no takers.

The Italians think that they too know some of the *brigatisti* who kidnapped Moro, and on May 18 they did manage to arrest ten possible suspects in two alleged hideaways. But that very qualified success highlighted how dismal the police work had been up to that point. Earlier in the spring, the authorities in Rome copied the idea and layout of the German poster for their own search mission, but the result was another operatic farce: Of those wanted for the kidnapping, some were already in jail, one turned out to be a police agent, one had been out of the country for years, one was dead, and two were later found to be one and the same person—with and without a beard. If the police were unable to penetrate that simple disguise, there seemed to be little hope that a passer-by would spot the fugitives.

The German Federal Criminal Office (BKA), located in Wiesbaden, relies heavily on exotic technology to track its terrorists, but the computers have missed the most important clues. During the Schleyer kidnapping, a landlord in a suburb of Cologne reported suspi-

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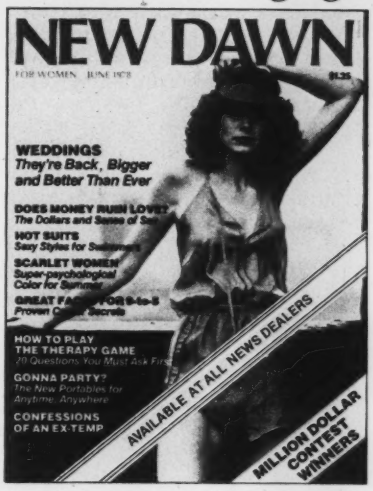

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cious goings-on in an apartment he had recently rented to a young woman. The tenant had paid several months' rent in advance, with a fistful of marks. A check of her passport showed that it had been issued to another woman, in a distant city, who had reported six "lost" passports in a short period of time—a well-known trick to amass identification documents for fugitives. But there the suspicions stood, until several days after Schleyer's body was found in Alsace, his throat sliced with a sharp knife. Only then did the BKA's computer reveal that the apartment was probably a Red Army safe-house. Police rushed to the building and found that it had been used all along to sequester Schleyer. The kidnappers had disappeared.

Despite that foul-up (the BKA called it "human error"), the fabled anti-terror computer was called in again to trace Moro and his captors in Italy. In went the data; out came the directions to look for Moro either on the Tyrrhenian coast near Rome, or else on one side or the other of the Swiss border—directions about as useful as telling the FBI to look for a hidden man on the coast of New Jersey, or else on either side of the Rio Grande. No one hears much about the computer any more.

Italian police tried house-to-house searches, but those have generally turned up little evidence worth the effort. At one point, the police knocked on the door of an apartment in a routine sweep of a well-heeled neighborhood near where Moro was kidnapped. No one answered, and the police left. Several weeks later they returned to the apartment to investigate a flood of water that was running through the floor to the apartment below. Only then did they find that it was a Red Brigades hideout—and that Moro might have been there when they first knocked and departed.

Sophisticated, technologized police methods might conceivably be helpful in isolated cases of well-known, diligently- tracked terrorist organizations, about which significant data had been gathered—the behavior patterns of the terrorists, *modi operandi* of the actions, likely routes of escape, locations of friends and relatives of the activists. But much of the violence in Italy, and some of it in Germany and elsewhere in Europe, is committed by unconnected and loosely organized bands of free-lance militants. The authorities link every shoot-'em-up or firebombing to the Red Brigades (and some common criminals or free-lance terrorists often identify themselves as *brigatisti* just for the status), but the violence is far less coordinated and the politics of the groups are much more disparate than the police admit.

Although rumors persist about foreign influence in the Red Brigades and international participation in the kidnapping, no hard evidence can be found to support the theory of an international conspiracy. Although the German terrorists are still linked with Palestinian guerrillas, the Italians seem home-grown. "The *brigatisti* support all the other groups—the IRA, the Basques, the Palestinians, the RAF," the head of the Turin anti-terror squad told me, "but we believe that they are 'our babies' and not the creatures of a foreign power."

Meanwhile, the campaign intensifies against the non-terrorist dissidents of the Left. Four dockworkers in Genoa who distributed leaflets urging continued opposition to "the state" along with denunciations of terrorism were forced out of their union and their jobs. Communist cadres set up stations outside a Siemens electronics plant in Milan and urged passing workers to report dissension on work issues (not revolutionary plots) to the authorities. Communist leaders have called for neighborhood and factory committees to stamp out opposition to state and party policies. The PCI supports and has advanced government anti-terrorist decrees that permit raids and detentions and interrogations without a right to counsel. On one Sunday in Rome, 129 young autonomous radicals were detained without charges. Some Communist leaders thought that sweep was excessive, but the party defended the emergency laws that allowed it. Rumor has it that the Communist unions or the bureaucracy itself is "infiltrated" by the Red Brigades; the only evidence for that suspicion was the discovery that a captured terrorist, wounded in an attack on a prison guard in Turin, had once belonged to a Communist union at Fiat. He was expelled from the union and fired from his job two years before.

"If I go around with bodyguards, I can't be free to go out at night, to drink, to make love. And what kind of life is that?"
—a leader of the German Social Democratic Party

Most striking of all has been the official Communist attack on intellectuals who refuse to surrender their doubts about the beauty and value of the state. Author Leonardo Sciascia, an independent-minded Communist Party member who recently resigned as a PCI representative on the Palermo city council, has been bitterly reproached in the Communist newspaper *L'Unita* for his statement that he would refuse to serve on the Red Brigades trial jury in Turin if he lived in that city.

"Is our state worth defending?" Sciascia asked after the Moro kidnapping. "Ten months ago I said: As it is, no. Today I say: As it is becoming, it is we who ought to defend ourselves from it. Today it seems like an empty shell. It is enough to look at the justice system—all the evidence shows it is not ours, that it is not everyone's state."

Carlo Pontormo (he prefers a pseudonym) is a young American literature teacher at the University of Rome whom I had met two years ago before the June 1976 parliamentary elections. In his roomy apartment in "old Rome" near the Piazza Navona, we had spoken about the possibility of a victory of Communists, Socialists and independent leftists that could change the face and figure of Italian politics. Then he was optimistic—almost ecstatic—about the future of his country. Now two years later he is drained of hope.

Carlo is one of eight members of the teachers' union executive committee in his college at the university. Five members are aligned with the Communists; he and two others are "independent." For months there has been tension between the five and the three. "After Moro," Carlo said, "when the three of us independents brought up our demands for better conditions and more money—which went against the Communists' line—the five said we were 'objectively' pro-terrorist because we were weakening the state with our demands. We were told that if we persisted, we would be thrown out of the union." Now Carlo guesses he will lose his job at the end of the term because of his opposition to "the line."

"Our future looks very bad," the dean of the Humanities College at the University of Turin said one day at lunch after a session of the Red Brigades trial. "Terrorism is an epidemic. It will spread, because they cannot catch the terrorists' heart, which is the sea of people cast off by the society, by the politicians, by the state. We will become more and more marginal, even the teachers and professionals. We will write books that will be read in the next century—not now. The Communists and the Christian Democrats will collaborate to repair the economy in the way they know how: by reducing the standard of living of workers, by encouraging investment with social stability and repression, by keeping the lid on dissent and opposition.

"In five or ten years we will look like a capitalist version of Hungary or Yugoslavia. It won't be fascism, because they don't need fascism here. Just control. Even now, I would be afraid to say these things to an Italian journalist. I will tell you because you are an American: We do not see an alternative here." ●

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Movies/by Richard Corliss

GUILTY PLEASURES

No one should have to *see* movies like *The Greek Tycoon, Thank God It's Friday, FM*—all the new spring films that are giving shlock a bad name—let alone write about them. Everyone, including their makers, knows these films are bad. And even critics get tired of making jokes about stinkers. Instead, we offer a list of secret, guilty pleasures: favorite movies absolutely nobody else can stand. These aren't the films, unrecognized in their time, that have become critics' darlings over the years. No. These are the films you hear universally reviled, if they're ever discussed at all, until your small, cracking voice can be heard saying: "Well, I *liked* it."

Bells Are Ringing. Admirers of director Vincente Minnelli think it's one of his least worthy efforts (and, for sure, *Bells Are Ringing* isn't well directed); Judy Holliday, unhappy during the shooting, never made another film. But it's one of the wittiest musicals you'll find. It gives Miss Holliday, who looks great, a chance to use all her musical-comedy talent and charm. And her final number ("I'm goin' back where I can be me, to the Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company") will, if you give it half a chance, wipe you out with its assertion of resignation and independence.

The Bobo. After *The Pink Panther* and *Dr. Strangelove* made him an international star, Peter Sellers made a series of uneven comedies that disappointed his early admirers (like me). *The Bobo*, released in 1967, was considered the low point in Sellers' career. It's a shaggy-dog story about a mediocre matador who wants to be a singer in the worst way (and is); an impresario gives him the opportunity to sing at the local Palace, if he's able to spend a few hours with the most desirable, most ruthless young woman in town (Britt Ekland). The movie's humor and charm come from the cow-eyed resourcefulness the matador brings to the challenge—and from the obvious romantic sparks struck by Sellers and Ekland, who were married shortly after making the film.

Cat Ballou. This comedy western was a sleeper hit of the 1965 season. Forget that it's a feminist statement of which Jane Fonda can be proud. The feminism and the funniness both reside in Ms. Fonda's sleek, smart, sexy performance. Cat has more brains and spunk than any of her male cohorts and is game enough to use her coltish sensuality to heat up—and then shake down—a rascally old letch played by Reginald Denny. Marvin's performance as a broken-down gunfighter is one of the joys of screen acting. And even Michael Callan gets off a good line. "Hard," he says of some western bad guys, "you could roller skate on 'em."

The Court Jester. Danny Kaye is an acquired taste—and most people never bothered to acquire it. His Gilbert-and-Sullivan manicness came across too strong on the screen; his features seemed a little too wolfy, his personality too studiously fey. *The Court Jester* detoxifies Danny by turning him into an engaging schlemiel who wants to be Douglas Fairbanks. And the finale has one of Kaye's best bits.

Paint Your Wagon. Somebody, once, thought Joshua Logan made good movies. Not many people think highly of Logan's work today; and yet Logan had a sense of theatrical romance matched by few stage or film directors. One remembers his movies bathed in colors (orange for *South Pacific*, royal blue for *Fanny* and *Camelot*) so lush they make either Renoir seem like a misanthrope. At the core of these melancholy love stories were actresses who never looked more beautiful (Marilyn Monroe in *Bus Stop*, Kim Novak in *Picnic*, Leslie Caron in *Fanny*, Vanessa Redgrave in *Camelot*). *Paint your Wagon*, released in 1969 at the end of the big-budget-musical cycle that put the final kibosh on the studio system, was a critical and popular disaster; now it can be seen as one of the last truly romantic films Hollywood dared to make—even with a script that has plenty of raucous comedy. And like the movie, Jean Seberg is the best imaginable by-product of Iowa corn.

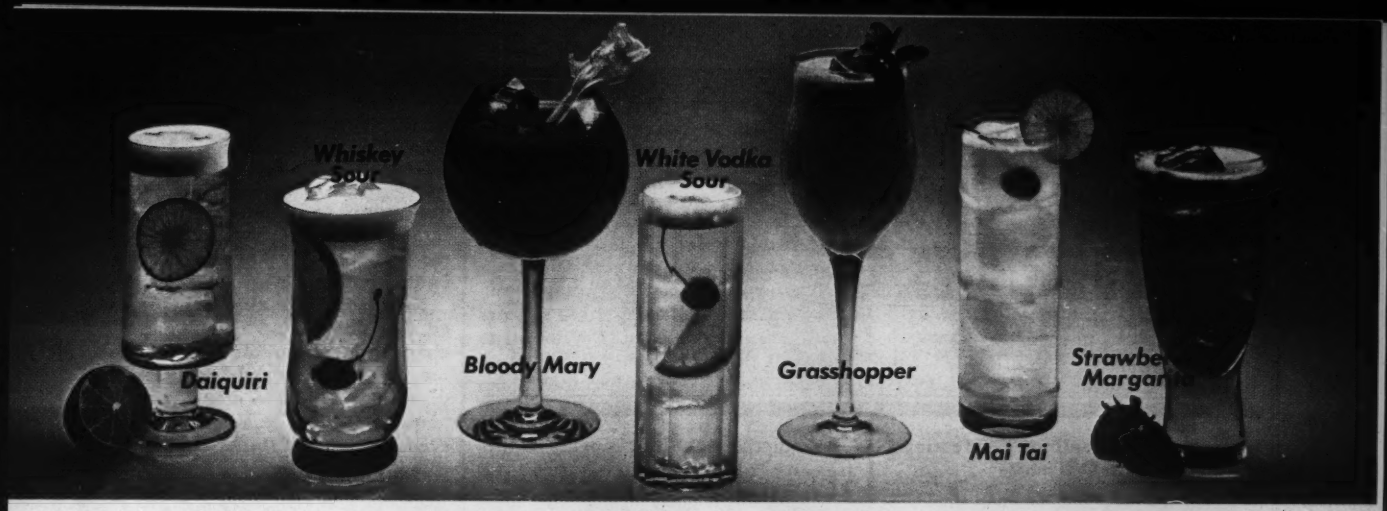
The Road to Rio. The Hope-Crosby-Lamour *Road* movies are gradually becoming respectable. *Rio* doesn't have the anarchic wit of *Utopia*, or the smirking-teenager lewdness of *Morocco*, but it's probably the best sustained of all the comedies. The Andrews Sisters—and Gale Sondergaard besides.

School Girl. All critics should have a sex movie among their guilty pleasures. My choice is *School Girl* (1971), one of the few porn comedies to poke holes in the inanities of the genre without letting the air escape from the spectator's libido. The movie, and star Debra Allen, perform several funny, sexy variations on the theme: voyeur meets exhibitionist. Director David Reberg keeps the tone light, charming, healthy: Everybody has a good time. Perhaps this is why the Justice Department chose *School Girl* as the key to its case against the successful porn distributor, Sherpix. Justice (not justice) triumphed; Sherpix went out of business; and if you can see *School Girl* now, it's because you're a government lawyer with a key to the Executive Watchroom.

The Secret Life of an American Wife. George Axelrod's third movie as writer-producer (another was the triumphantly bizarre *Lord Love a Duck*, which was also a flop but has acquired a cult reputation) drove him out of Hollywood. Who *cared* any more about a woman agonizing over committing adultery? Today the movie looks like a feminist text for the mad housewife—and the perfect antidote to Axelrod's earlier masterpiece of misogyny, *How to Murder Your Wife*. Walter Matthau is hilarious (and hilariously cast) as a Hollywood sex symbol who would just, for once, like to *talk* with somebody. For this suburban fairy tale, Axelrod wrote some of his cleverest dialogue.

Tenth Avenue Angel. Margaret O'Brien knew what childhood was all about: unrelenting suffering. You could see this as early as the 1944 *Meet Me in St. Louis*; the hysterical gusto with which she decapitates a snowman told more about kid psychology than any book by Bruno Bettelheim. In *Tenth Avenue Angel* (1947), Margaret becomes an atheist. It takes a genuflecting cow, and all of Phyllis Thaxter's motherly goodness, to bring Margaret back to the fold—on Christmas Eve, of course. The story may be roadside-diner treacle, but the kid makes it work.

Unknown World. I haven't seen this low budget fantasy film ($6.75, but the actors deferred their salary) since 1953, when I was nine; but it left me with a chronic case of the prepubescent frights, so it seems worth including here for Auld Lang Sighing. Guilty childhood pleasures are the strongest of all: The memories they provoke are stronger than those of a mother's caress, or the taste of Ovaltine. For months or years we may forget them; and then one night, they'll be rereleased in our nightmares, and we'll experience the guilty pleasure of being a frightened child who's heading toward middle age. ●



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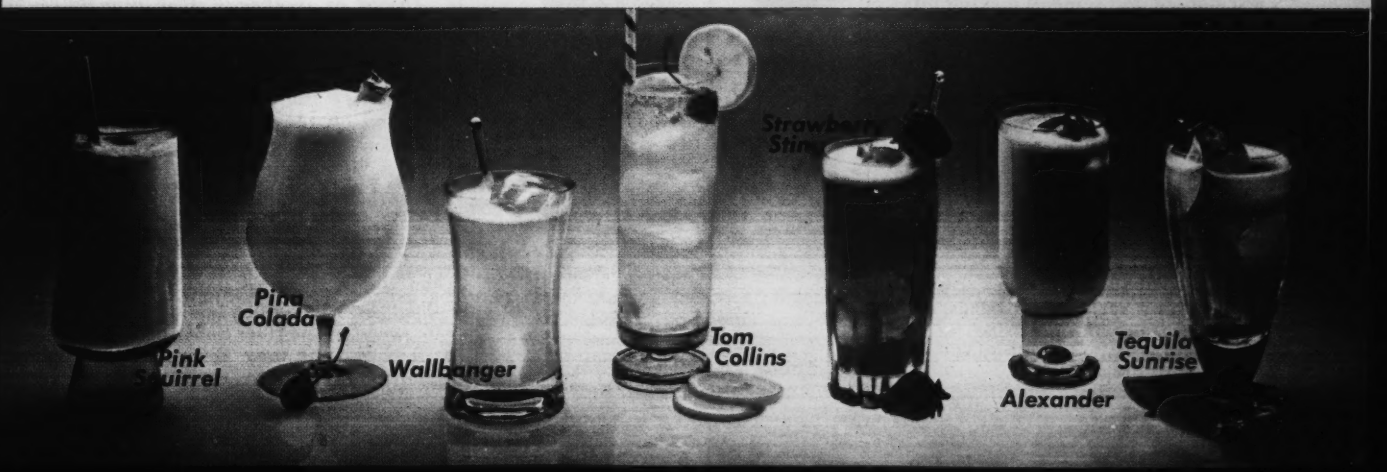


Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

FOOL IN THE TILL

Wheeling and Dealing: Confessions of a Capitol Hill Operator
by Bobby Baker, with Larry L. King.
Norton
(296 pp., illustrated, $10.95).

Here's a seedy story: A 14-year-old soda jerk from Pickens, South Carolina, comes to Washington as a Senate page boy. He hustles and pleases, anticipates the political and worldly needs of his superiors, gets ahead. He's a quick study, and mostly he studies the grubby benefits of power: perks, easy women, money, above all money. He rises as a servant to the Democratic Party, a nose-counter, fixer and bag-boy, carrying luggage and unmarked envelopes stuffed with banknotes. His net worth, the fruit of his modest public service, rises to over $1.7 million in 1963, 20 years after his arrival in Washington. He has outrun and outreached his possibilities, so he's yanked back on a very tight leash. Early in 1971 he goes to prison for 18 months.

Bobby Baker's story is not in the least tragic, which is why it's so pathetic. Here are no roads not taken, no contests between greed and conscience, no moral if-onlies. This is a story that moves down a gentle decline, on rails, and nothing resists its course. From the start Baker was a creature of surfaces. Asking himself how he rose so quickly he replies: "I was industrious, hard-working, ambitious, and I cared about my job. I very early grew to love the Senate: its air of excitement and sense of making history, its aura of power." *Air, sense and aura* are the functional words here: Appearances fueled Baker.

He was certainly impressionable. It was his bad luck to be taken up as a lap dog, petted when he was a good pup and slapped—literally—when he was not, by Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma. Kerr, in the portrait of his devoted survivor, was an athlete of venality, a pioneer of absolute greed. When Kerr died about $2 million in cash was found in his various lock-boxes, and a small portion of one bribe he took from some bankers sent Baker, who had delivered the payoff, to jail.

Of all the ugly little stories in this treasury of ugly little stories, the $400,000 sell-out retires the cup. Kerr was chairman of the Senate Finance Committee when President Kennedy sent over a bill that would tax savings and loan companies at the same rate at which commercial banks were taxed. This was a bill Kerr endorsed for political and financial reasons, but he instructed Baker to tell the savings and loan lobbyists that he'd change his own vote and kill the bill for a payoff: "I simply couldn't believe it, couldn't find any words to say. While I knew that Kerr worshipped money, I couldn't believe he'd reverse himself on a bill important to commercial bankers, himself included. Yet, he was telling me that for $400,000 he'd sell out his banker buddies."

Bobby Baker: Uplifted lapdog

Now look lively, this gets complicated: The savings and loan biggies shortchanged Kerr, double-crossed him after his vote reversal, and came up, grudgingly and piecemeal, with only about $100,000. Baker says he delivered every bit of the bribe, but a jury didn't believe him; it believed he stole $50,000 of the money, which he claimed Kerr had loaned him, and then, on his deathbed, given him.

To save his hide he blew the whistle on Kerr, whom he worshiped almost as much as Kerr worshiped money. How did he feel about this? " . . . You are going to look after your own ass and your own reputation, and you are not going to shed crocodile tears over anybody else's. As I saw it, telling the hurtful truth about Senator Kerr was a distasteful necessity, nothing more and nothing less." That's how the government felt about getting the goods on Bobby, just a necessity, and they wired one of his best friends, who helped the Pickens striver incriminate himself, and encouraged a dear old friend and trusted secretary to steal papers from his files.

Save for Senator Kerr, Lyndon Johnson was the object of Bobby Baker's most profound veneration; he named two of his children Lynda and Lyndon as an expression of his regard. LBJ knew his way around, no doubt about that, and he even understood the motive for Kerr's abstinence from strong drink: "I think the only reason ol' Bob didn't like whiskey was because he didn't own any whiskey factories." (Many another senator in Baker's memory was too drunk to stand, let alone vote.) In a remark that would haunt him, Johnson said that Baker was "the first person I talk to in the morning and the last one at night."

In one or another of their intimate chats Johnson warned Baker to keep his ambitions in proportion, not to stretch his line of credit so thin. Baker didn't heed the advice, and when he teetered on the edge of bankruptcy, Johnson gave him little advice and no money. It was nine years after Baker quit his paid work for the Democratic Party—under pressure, and still drunk—before Johnson would meet or even talk with his crony. And Johnson did nothing to limit the Bobby Baker investigation, a fact in no way to his credit by the rules Baker honors.

Finally, not long before he died, Johnson invited Baker and his wife to

Illustration by David Celsi

Texas, for some fence-mending. There, according to Baker, the man he called "Leader" told his ex-servant that "everything within me wanted to come to your aid. But they would have crucified me." Very well, the ex-con said, but as it happened there was something the ex-president could do for him *now*. President Nixon's goons, Kalmbach and Rebozo, were on his case to deliver dirt about Larry O'Brien, they wouldn't let him be, there were hints of another indictment, another stretch in prison, would Johnson help call off the dogs *this* time, when Baker was innocent? Johnson would not. That night in Texas, Baker lay awake "big-eyed and thought that when it got down to the licklog, friendship with Lyndon Johnson was a one-way street."

Baker makes much of Johnson's inclination toward self-pity, and he shares the vice with his former master. He thinks he had awful luck with his Carousel Motel in Ocean City, poor baby, and after he served his time he might not "have eaten regularly" were it not for "the kindness of loyal friends." (IRS liens soiled his credit rating.) He feels put upon, used and betrayed, and so he was, of course. Prison was rough, though the minimum security federal prison at Allenwood, Pennsylvania, with tennis courts, was more comfortable than most. (He had the protection, never explained, of Jimmy Hoffa, and like Hoffa—though with none of Hoffa's zeal—he sets up as a prison reformer.)

He deserved what punishment he got. He doesn't entirely deny this, either. It is also true that the men he took as models, men elected to places of public trust, men worse than he was because they were smarter, went free. It is also true, evidently, that Baker was indecently harassed long after he had served his time, and that many people found him easy and pleasing to bully.

So popular a whipping boy did he become that he woke one day to discover a headline: "WIFE OF BAKER PROBER FOUND DEAD IN BATHTUB." So she was, of a heart attack. Much dubious testimony helped convict him, and he lost friends at a mighty rate once he found trouble, and he did leave most of the skeletons he could identify locked in their closets. Now he's more forthcoming.

Wheeling and Dealing has as its principal purpose the raking of Democratic muck, and this mudslide touches many personages. (Oddly, though, there is not a thing here that Larry O'Brien—whom Baker very much dislikes—would blush to read.) Among those called to account are President Kennedy, who "came off as something of the boyish braggart" giving details of his sexual exercises. President Johnson, on the other hand, "was much more close-mouthed . . ." about his peccadillos.

Senator Kefauver, to whom Baker once delivered $25,000 in cash, was said to be "among those senators who more willingly put themselves up for sale; he didn't particularly care whether he was paid in coin or women." Senator Olin Johnson of South Carolina could be bought with costume jewelry, which junk he liked to give to women. Here are drunks as well as dealers, the great majority dead, beyond benefit of libel statutes, and no one comes up decent and clean except Truman.

Wheeling and Dealing is brisk and businesslike, and that is the contribution of Larry L. King, who made the book from Baker's recollections. Not since Robert Lowell served Eugene McCarthy as a literary adviser during his 1968 campaign has a principal been so radically outclassed by his nominal subordinate. King knows politics as well as Baker (he served two congressmen—one of them known as the "Cowboy Statesman"—as an administrative assistant, and has been an LBJ expert from way back), he is a wonderful stylist, and he despises self-pity.

Why did a National Book Award nominee agree to carry water for Bobby Baker? For money, of course, but also because King loves rascals as much as he despises sanctimony. There is evidence of King's prose, his convictions, throughout *Wheeling and Dealing*, and his populist distrust of the mighty and the pious serves Baker better than he deserves.●

RECORDS by Jim Miller

This spring, a number of noteworthy albums have been released. Here are some picks from the litter:

Nick Lowe, **Pure Pop for Now People** (Columbia). The once and future king of pub rock returns, with titles like "Little Hitler" and "Nutted by Reality," and a band including guitarist Dave Edmunds and members of Graham Parker's Rumour and Elvis Costello's Attractions. Carefully rendered with nods to Phil Spector, Billy J. Kramer and the Bay City Rollers, this music is all surface, distinguished by its attention to detail and relentless humor. Fans of Costello and Parker should be interested, although Lowe's irony creates a curious distance that keeps his music from ever quite connecting. British title: *The Jesus of Cool*.

Wings, **London Town** (Capitol). The St. Paul of Pop is back, too. A generous album of 14 cuts, *Town* contains McCartney's best work since *Band on the Run*. Throughout, he displays his customary melodic flair, although much of the new material seems slight, and the playing by Wings occasionally sounds anemic. The suspicion lingers that his unquestionable talent enables McCartney to coast at a level most other pop stars merely aspire to.

Raydio (Arista). A clever marriage of K.C. and the Sunshine Band with Stevie Wonder, this music is smart funk with plenty of soft harmonic edges—a tribute to the craft of guitarist/composer/producer Ray Parker Jr., normally a busy Hollywood studio hand. The lyrics are appealingly direct, the rhythm section bubbly and tight. Best of all, this debut is unusually consistent, with the filler confined to side two.

Bob Marley and the Wailers, **Kaya** (Island). Sometime in the last two years, Marley's music lost its cutting edge. But the master of reggae has continued to hone his skills as producer and vocalist. *Kaya* is filled with love songs that tend toward the insipid, but it *sounds* better than Marley's other recent albums. The band swings, the echo and percussion are just right, and Marley sings with cool passion.

Freddy Fender, **Swamp Gold** (ABC). What Dr. John's *Gumbo* did for New Orleans soul, Fender's *Gold* attempts for bayou rock. Producer Huey Meaux has let the former "El Bebop Kid" take on 15 regional classics, ranging from Johnny Ace's "The Clock" to Dale and Grace's "I'm Leaving it All Up to You." For newcomers to the genre, this makes a handy introduction, since the selection of tunes is exemplary and Fender's vocals amiable and authentic. Oldtimers, however, will mourn the candy-assed chorus and wish that Fender had cut this set live, to shake the studio ennui that occasionally creeps in.

Willie Nelson, **Stardust** (Columbia). In Texas, some folks swear that Willie could sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and make it sound soulful. This collection of hoary old standards is the next best thing to testing that proposition directly. Nelson successfully renovates the title tune, "Georgia on my Mind," "All of Me" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," but he must be kidding about "Blue Skies" and "September Song." Mama, don't let your cowboys grow up to be crooners.●

Television/by Richard M. Levine

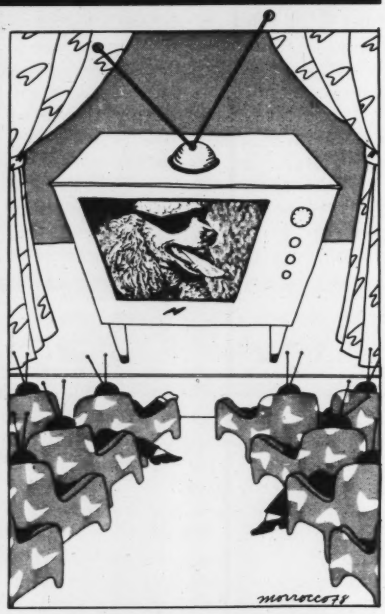
TESTING: ONE, TWO, SIXTY MILLION

"When I'm alone in a projection room I have a foolproof device for judging whether a picture is good or bad. If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good. It's as simple as that."
—movie mogul Harry Cohn

Well, not quite, Harry, not even way back then in the precybernetic 1940s. When Harry Cohn made that boast in the executive dining room at Columbia Pictures, screenwriter Herman Mankiewicz, sitting at the far end of the table, couldn't resist the line that immediately cost him his job: "Imagine," he said, "the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass." But Mankiewicz's cynicism was not misplaced. Even the most confident entertainment industry executives have never relied on their own seat-of-the-pants judgments. They have, rather, invited preview audiences to do their squirming for them.

In television the "testing season" takes place in April, when dozens of pilots are sampled by some 25,000 viewers invited in off the streets of Los Angeles and New York. In a sense, the whole world of television is wired to their fingertips, since the buttons or dials they are asked to manipulate to express their approval and disapproval are connected to computers which in turn feed out the test scores that help shape the networks' final schedules. At CBS such electronic fidgeting takes place in the network's own facilities. Both NBC and ABC farm out their testing to an organization called ASI, which owns a theater called Preview House on Sunset Boulevard. To complete the symmetry, until 1972 ASI was owned and operated by none other than Harry Cohn's Columbia Pictures.

Program testing is television's dirty little secret: Everybody does it, no one readily admits to it. Despite the fact that Fred Silverman's much-publicized "golden gut" has replaced Harry Cohn's well-polished rear end in popular culture lore, the general rule of thumb (and forefinger) about program research is that if something's testable, it's tested. Plain and simple. And the corollary to this rule is that if a network executive develops a reputation as a good researcher, he or she will go far, perhaps becoming, as did former ABC researcher Fred Pierce, the network's president, or at least, as is the case with former NBC researcher Paul Klein, its programming chief.



The fact of the matter is that virtually nothing that scores badly on its preview tests gets on television these days. It is a situation that constantly drives Hollywood's "creative community" to late-night protest meetings at their various guilds. Testing procedures become even more infuriating to creative types because nearly all programming executives downplay the role of research in the selection process. No fewer than a half dozen network officials verbalized some variation of what I came to think of as the tool-and-the-weapon theme (as in, "a hammer can be used to build a house, but it can also be used to clobber someone over the head"). All stressed that it was what you put into the testing hopper that determined what you got out and that it was the interpretation of test results rather than the raw numbers that mattered. Only Arnold Becker, chief of research at CBS, seemed to view the influence of his work with unabashed enthusiasm. "The alternative to asking people what they want to view is to *guess* at what they want to view," he pointed out, pronouncing the offending word as if holding a dead rat by the tail at arm's length.

So TV research holds out the promise of eliminating guesswork too messy, too prone to costly human error. It plays house astrologer to a medium whose only sign is the dollar. "I firmly believe that people do respond to different things," Fred Silverman told writer Martin Mayer. "I just wish I knew what they were." When millions of dollars depend on choosing a length of videotaped froth that will please 60 million people, it is a *comfort*, to say the least, to have someone on your side armed with stacks of charts, graphs, computer readouts and scientifically controlled questionnaires. And like it or not, such research works much of the time—which may be the principal danger it poses.

One television series, *Grizzly Adams*, is virtually written by a computer, according to the people who make it. Like the rest of Sunn Classic's family-oriented entertainments, this warm-hearted story of the love affair between a mountain man and a grizzly bear is researched down to the last blade of grass. "Our audience," says Sunn president Charles Sellier, a 34-year-old computer expert, "likes waterfalls, pretty vistas and high mountain ridges, preferably with actors and animals as a part of the scene. They dislike snow, except at Christmas. What they like is eternal summer in the primeval, womanless wilderness." To learn all this Sellier has spent as much money on research as on the actual production of a feature film or TV pilot, and he sees himself as the wave of the future. "The day is coming in the film industry," he claims, "when a producer won't be able to walk in and say, 'I've got a great script.' He's going to be asked, 'What are your demographics? Where's the audience potential? Show me your computer data.'"

The main problem with program testing is that middle-of-the-road, family-oriented, warm-hearted pablum such as *Grizzly Adams* has an unfair advantage. Research may be able to make TV programming less of a high-stakes crap shoot, but when it misses, it generally misses big. Norman Lear's *All in the Family* always tested badly for the obvious reason that when you ask people for their instantaneous reaction to a program you are not likely to get much approval for the innovative and controversial. "That real-life ambiguity so popular with artists is not the way to get a successful TV show," Arnold Becker admits. "If I were writing a Western I'd have a guy in a black hat getting drunk in a bar. Then he'd come out and kick a dog or something. Next I'd have a guy in a

Illustration by Joe Morrocco

white hat save a pretty girl on a runaway horse. Eventually, the bad guy would do something really bad and the good guy would shoot him."

Nor does it help much in this regard to ask people for their opinions in follow-up questionnaires or small group discussions. The story of Moses' sojourn in the desert will always do better than one about a lesbian in a child-custody battle; it doesn't matter that the whole exercise will have no relation to which program people would really watch. Several years ago ABC commissioned a study on public taste. It learned that the majority of viewers thought there was entirely too much sex and violence on television. It also learned that the popular hero viewers most wanted to see as the lead of a regular series was James Bond.

As luck would have it, one television consulting firm based in San Francisco, Entertainment Response Analysts, has found a nifty way around this dilemma. In perhaps the cruelest blow yet to the showman's midsection, ERA hooks up members of a sample audience to lie detectors and measures their skin lubricity. Two years ago such a "sweat test" wiped out nearly the entire on-air news staff of the CBS affiliate in Los Angeles. Soon, ERA hopes to encroach on Preview House's near-monopoly of pilot testing.

Before the sweat testers vanquished the screen testers, I wanted to find out what an evening at Preview House was like. But since the $2,000 a client pays to have its pilot tested there includes an audience selected at random in shopping centers and by telephone and then demographically balanced, you can't just call Preview House and ask for an invitation. You have to go down there personally, as I did one recent evening during the height of the "testing season," and tell them you *lost* your invitation. Along with several hundred people standing in line, I was handed a sheaf of multicolored forms to fill out which included, besides basic demographic data, questions about my income level, entertainment preferences, brand loyalties and, as matters turned out, bodily functions. One question read, "Do you consider yourself to be (mark *one* answer only): a) a heavy perspirer b) a medium perspirer c) a light perspirer." I naturally assumed that the sweat testers had gotten there before me, but it turned out that the information was needed to evaluate a deodorant commercial test on the bill that evening.

Once inside the theater (a room correctly described in an ASI brochure to clients as "decoratively bland to avoid any possible extraneous influence") we were carefully assigned seats by ushers, little suspecting that the computer

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would only record the reactions of about half of the audience, although the rest of us would go through the identical motions. A man in a three-piece checked suit and slicked-down hair suddenly materialized in front of the screen and introduced himself. You would not want to buy a carnival ticket from this man, much less a used car. He told us that there was a "little black dial type of gadget" attached to our armrests that was marked "very dull," "dull," "normal," "good" and "very good." He spent a long time explaining what the words meant, and then we got to practice using the dials ourselves while he looked for a signal from the control room, where the chosen half of us were wired to a needle that would trace our peaks of appreciation and troughs of despair. When he got the all-clear signal he told us we were a "really fine" audience, which I took to be somewhere between "good" and "very good."

The show began with an animated 20-year-old cartoon called "Magoo Goes Skiing," which plays a crucial role in the entire process as a control. Preview House has run the Magoo cartoon so many thousands of times that it knows exactly how high the needle should rise when the nearsighted Mr. Magoo tells Professor von Mishmash that "avalanche is better than no lanche at all," and how much higher when he says "Heaven Alp those who Alp themselves," and to what leaps of cybernetic ecstasy (76–82 on the graph) when Magoo and his dog Waldo go careening down the mountainside out of control and crash into a ski lodge. If we proved to be an atypically appreciative or unappreciative audience for the cartoon, the pilot's "dial score"—the median of its peaks and troughs—might be discounted. This dial score is known colloquially as a pilot's Magoo. Few pilots reach the heights of "Magoo Goes Skiing."

Certainly not the one we saw that evening, a sitcom called *Beane's of Boston* produced by Paramount and the people who bring us *Happy Days*. It was a pretty silly affair about the goings-on in a Boston department store seemingly staffed by the back wards of Bellevue. To give you some idea of what I mean, the *biggest* laugh in the pilot came when the head of the lingerie department told his boss: "My underwear's been down for weeks and very little has been happening in my trousers." And yet I found myself doing a curious thing. Every time there was a joke or a sight gag I turned the indicator on the dial one way or the other. Whenever there was any narrative exposition or character development or just plain civil conversation I left the dial in the original "normal" position—how can you instantaneously reward character development? From what I could tell my neighbors were doing pretty much the same thing. If our pilot had been an "action" show, we would no doubt have reacted to car crashes and throat slittings at the expense of narrative exposition and character development.

Beane's of Boston was a pilot for a possible series on CBS, which tested the show in a similar manner in its own facilities. Paramount either wanted advance word on the outcome or intended to re-edit the pilot by eliminating the parts that corresponded to the dips in the graph and thereby improve the outcome. Many TV producers consciously "cut to ASI" before sending their pilots on to the networks, and those that don't, inevitably do so unconsciously. The real power—and danger—of program testing is not that it helps the network choose the programs that are most likely to please us but that it *shapes* these programs. That's why the networks' schedules are crammed with joke-a-minute sitcoms and slam-bang action shows. For all the pseudo-scientific rigamarole of television market research, program testing becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy: The shows that score well are the shows that are *designed* to score well. The original pilot of *Happy Days*, for example, contained eight jokes and sight gags in the main title alone, all deliberately put there by the studio to start the needle off on a high level.

Forty-eight hours after the *Beane's of Boston* preview, the head of television production at Paramount had on his desk a seven-page report analyzing the results. *Beane's of Boston*'s Magoo was 64.2, "slightly below average for a half-hour sitcom." Teenagers and "people over 50" seemed to like the show best, although the "teens were the most erratic audience as they responded very favorably to the big punch lines and the sex-oriented jokes. However, when there was a short lack of comedy, the teens turned their dials to a less favorable position." The main problem with the show was that it exhibited what television people call a "bimodal skew"— that is, it appealed to teenagers and older people and not to those in the middle. Unfortunately, those in the middle are the very ones that television and its advertising clients seek to attract—"young marrieds" with lots of "disposable income" at their disposal. Two weeks after the Preview House test, CBS turned down the pilot, having received "below average" scores for the show from its own testing. So you will not be seeing *Beane's of Boston* as a regular series next fall. You will, alas, be seeing the more successful products of the same testing system. ●

Twilight of a Demagogue/by Mark Goodman

FINAL TRIBUTE

It must be said that George Wallace did what he set out to do: He showed 'em. That is a gesture of no mean metaphysical importance down in the hard-scrabble land that provided the poor nurture for his pedestrian dreams. If the snotty landowners with their pretty cream suits and pedigreed dogs and drinks made with goddamn shaved ice don't get you, then them oh-so-high-and-mighty New York jew-boy bankers will. Then there's the goddamn federal government, giving out welfare checks and food stamps for shiftless welfare mothers and their no-account men to get drunk on, and pointy-headed professors and all their faggot students telling you to love everyone, Commies and niggers, too. And what could you do about them, because they had all that Socialist foundation money behind them, not to *talk* about the goddamn bleeding heart Eastern liberal press . . . And so the good old boys would yammer on endlessly, in general stores and fried chicken shacks and honky-tonk bars, their fears and frustrations and whiskey-fired xenophobia rising from rickety front porches and hanging thick over their lives in the suffocating Southern night. Hell, only thing that kept them from comin' up from Dixie with 100,000 men was an equally profound sense of resignation. You couldn't beat 'em and you'd burn in Hades before you'd join 'em, but you damn well could stir things up just a mite. Yessir, you could by God give 'em a little hell. You could *show* 'em.

This was the gauntlet, beaten of corrugated tin, that George Wallace picked up and brandished as a holy charge through three virulent terms as governor of Alabama and four tumultuous presidential campaigns. You called us trash long enough, he seemed to say; now we're gonna rub your noses in it. He was certainly the man for this shabby commission—no one since Huey Long has better grasped and manipulated the trash mentality than Wallace. As early as 1952, when he was first elected a circuit court judge, he predicted he would someday be governor. The pols in their rumpled white suits laughed at this cocky little bantam rooster, struttin' like he owned the barnyard and shootin' his mouth off whether anybody was payin' him any mind or not. They laughed; then they listened.

Wallace's election to the governorship in 1962 was an exquisitely twisted piece of historical timing. He knew what his people wanted to hear, and he shouted it at them: "Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!" Early on, Wallace demonstrated an extraordinary precosity in the theater of racial politics. He vowed literally to block the door at the University of Alabama against the onslaught of the black hordes come to sack the white educational system: Horatius at the bridge, in striped coveralls and a red neckerchief. Wallace was moved aside, of course, but the television cameras documented every lurid moment. George had by God showed 'em, on the six o'clock news.

His absurd stand at once laid the ground rules for Bull Connors and his Firehose Brigade and set the stage for the first Wallace run at the presidency. Pledging allegiance to the belief that white people are "the greatest race ever to tread the earth," he sallied forth under a banner as savage and implacable as the death's-head ensign.

Wallace's presidential campaigns were case studies in charismatic paranoia. Or, as columnist George Will once put it, his were the "politics of spleen." He was never *for* anything; he simply fashioned the term "law and order" into a political whip to wield against the upstart darkies. His rhetoric seethed and bubbled—and said nothing. Nazi analogies are very, very dangerous, but it seems legitimate to say Wallace was about as successful as Joseph Goebbels in rendering his mother tongue devoid of coherence.

And oh, how deftly Wallace did it! Examine him purely from the viewpoint of a professional propagandist, and you have to marvel at his ability to smell out the fear in his fellow men and sway them to his purpose. Was bigotry solely the birthright of redneck farmers and cotton gin workers? No sir. He turned over the rocks in Boston and other Northern cities, and just look what he found *there*. He shrewdly ascertained that country people in border states and the Midwest were no more fond of pointy-heads than he was, and in the 1964 Democratic primaries he racked up percentages in Maryland, Indiana and Wisconsin.

Most of all, Wallace mastered the gambit, vital to the success of any demagogue, of appearing the underdog while trodding on the backs of minorities. This might be called selective populism, and it served Wallace well. "It's the working folks all over this country who are getting fed up and are gonna turn this country around," he cried. Sure enough, in 1968, he carried five states as the Independent candidate.

It was an amazing feat, really; Wallace the Alabama country boy had captured what little imagination could still be squeezed out of the benumbed working men of our urban wastelands: Wallace, sly, slick-haired knight-errant to Peter Boyle's hardhat *Joe*. By 1972 he had seriously tried to expand his constituency to include the blacks he had once bullyragged so mercilessly. Indeed, he had won three Democratic primaries before Arthur Bremer's bullet paralyzed him on that terrible day in a Maryland shopping center.

Wallace tried again from a wheelchair in 1976, but the mood of the nation had tempered, and a new, moderate figure had emerged from the South. Wallace bowed out after losing the Florida primary to Jimmy Carter. Then, late last month, he astonished even his closest aides by announcing that he would not run for the Alabama Senate seat vacated by John Sparkman. That, in effect, marked the end of Wallace's perfervid political career.

And now, while crickets drone in the sultry Southern night, I'm sure that die-hard Wallace folk are pulling on jelly glasses full of sour mash and saying, Hell, hadn'ta been for that crazy fella up in Maryland, ole George would probably be president now. But they are wrong. Wallace's fortunes were tumbled not by a madman's bullet but by the mean-spirited poverty of his vision. He showed 'em, all right. But to do so he built his political house on mud banks of rhetoric and slag piles of fear, and in the end it proved to be as poor and insubstantial as a tarpaper shanty. ●

Photograph by Dennis Brack/Black Star

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AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Professor, neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

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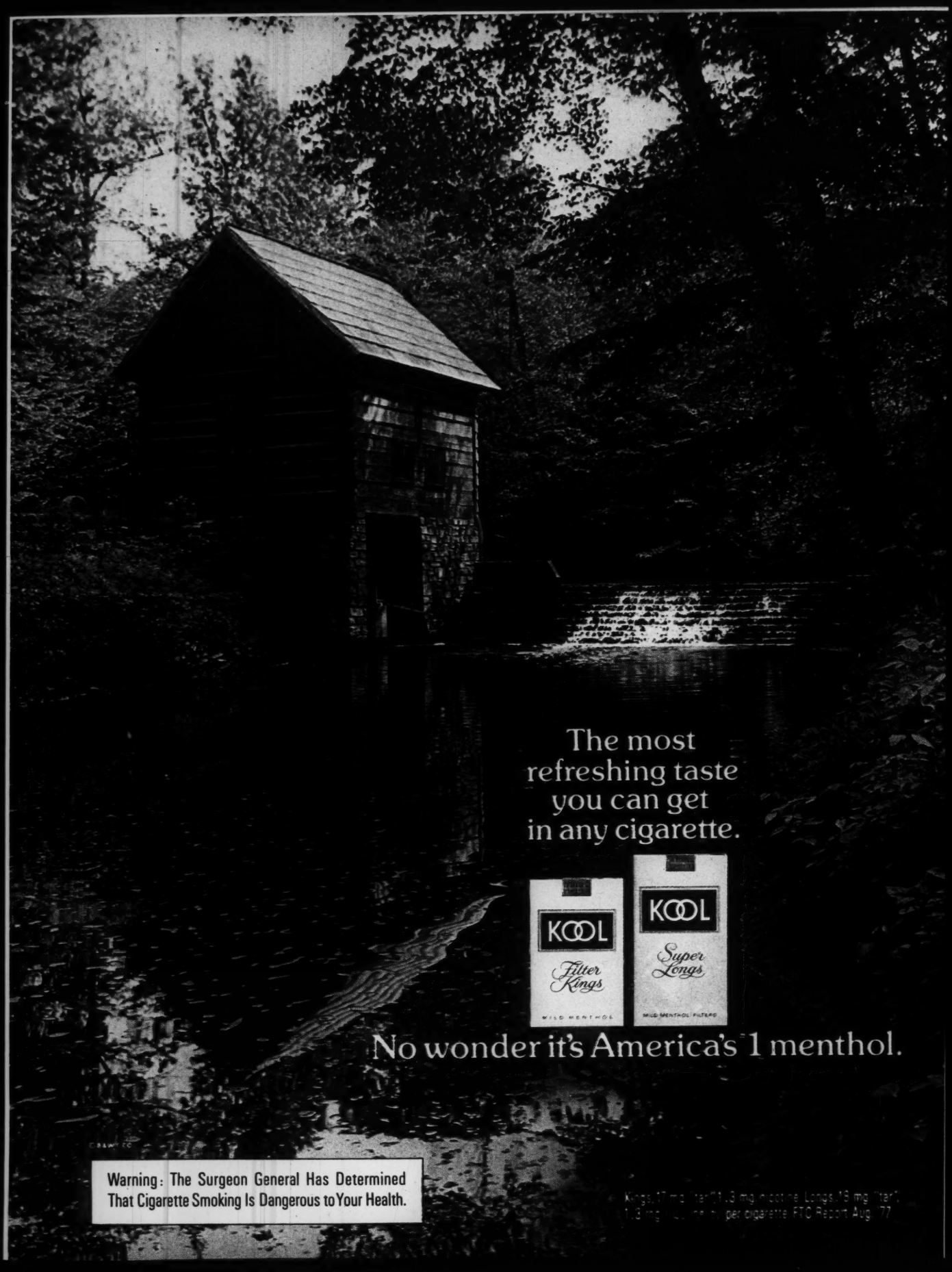
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